

From the Critic.

Life of the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan, of Kabul: with his Political Proceedings towards the English, Russian, and Persian Governments, including the Victory and Disasters of the British Army in Afghanistan. By MOHAN LAL, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans.

As fair a specimen of the art of book-making as ever was produced by the most skilful bookseller hack, in those palmy days when cheap books had not appeared to disturb the calculations of the Row. Two volumes on the life of Dost Mohammed Khan! Surely, this must be an ample memoir, minute almost to tediousness. Whence could so much material have come? How, and when, and where collected?

The mystery is not so profound as it appears. Not one half of the whole is devoted to the biography; the other is eked out with selections from other books, parliamentary papers, and commentaries on things in general, and the Indian war in particular. Mohan Lal has been, however, fortunate in a subject. Considerable curiosity is felt in England about the fortunes of a foe who has proved himself so formidable as Dost Mohammed Khan, and a few of the more interesting passages from the memoir will not be unacceptable to the readers of the Critic.

Dost Mohammed Khan is one of a very numerous family. His father was distinguished for his warlike achievements, and to his skill and bravery was Shah Zaman indebted for his throne. But, as is not unfrequent in the strange drama of Eastern romance, services were rewarded with the bow-string. The possessor of the throne feared the greater power of the man who placed him there. An excuse was readily found for removing a shadow from the path of the despot. The benefactor was murdered by the sovereign he had made. His family were reduced to beggary, and twenty sons were thrown upon the charity of the pious. After many changes of fortune, Fatah Khan, the eldest son, raised an army, dethroned the ungrateful Shah Zaman, avenged his father's death, by putting out the prisoner's eyes, placed his brother Mahmud on the vacant throne, and being now a great man, took the boy, Dost Mohammed, into his service, and finding him extremely intelligent, admitted him to his confidence.

The scene was shifted. Another revolution thrust out Mahmud, and raised another brother, Shah Shuja, to the unstable throne. His first act was to arrest the man who had placed him there. Dost Mohammed, with characteristic energy, gathered an army and hastened to the rescue of his brother. He besieged Kandahar, and starved the treacherous prince into submission. Fatah Khan was released, and the brothers determined to revenge themselves by restoring Mahmud. After a short campaign, in which Dost Mohammed exhibited great courage and address, the army of Shah Shuja was completely routed, Mahmud restored, and Fatah Khan took office as his chief vizier; and the young Dost Mohammed vigorously

employed himself in removing, *per fas aut nefas*, all who stood in the way of the ease or the ambition of his brother. How this was done appears by the following account of the murder of Mirza Ali Khan:—

"On receiving the orders of the Vazir, Dost Mohammed armed himself cap-a-pie, and taking six men with him, went and remained waiting on the road between the house of Mohammed Azim Khan and the Mirza. It was about midnight when the Mirza passed by Dost Mohammed Khan, whom he saw, and said, 'What has brought your highness here at this late hour? I hope all is good.' He also added, that Dost Mohammed should freely command his servicers if he could be of any use to him. He replied to the Mirza that he had got a secret communication for him, and would tell him if he moved aside from the servants. He stopped his horse, whereupon Dost Mohammed, holding the mane of his horse with his left hand, and taking his dagger in the right, asked the Mirza to bend his head to hear him. While Dost Mohammed pretended to tell him something of his own invention, and found that the Mirza was hearing him without any suspicion, he stabbed him between the shoulders, and, throwing him off his horse, cut him in many places. This was the commencement of the murders which Dost Mohammed Khan afterwards frequently committed."

After a series of such deeds of violence, Fatah Khan's ruin came upon him unexpectedly. The Persians had attacked Herat; he proceeded with his brother to its relief; Dost Mohammed was directed to besiege the city and seize the palace. This monstrous act of treachery was unhesitatingly performed, although they had been received by the prince with entire confidence and friendship.

"He entered the city, as was arranged, with his retinue, and after the sun rose and the Shah Zadah's courtiers had gone out to Fatah Khan, as usual, the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan massacred the palace-guard and seized the person of the Shah Zadah Firoz. Afterwards he commenced to plunder and to gain possession of all the jewels, gold, and treasure of the captive prince, and even went so far as to despoil the inmates of the household; and committed an unparalleled deed by taking off the jewelled band which fastened the trowsers of the wife of the Prince Malik Qasim, the son of the captive, and treated her rudely in other ways. The pillaged lady was the sister of Kam Ran, to whom she sent her profaned robe; and the Shah Zadah, or her brother, resolved and swore to revenge the injury. Fatah Khan was informed of the immense booty which the Sardar had taken, and also his improper conduct towards the royal lady; and the Vazir planned to take the plundered property from the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, and to chastise him for his deeds in the palace. The Sardar, having heard of this, made his way through the mountains to join his brother Mohammed Azim Khan, the governor of Kashmir. He was there put under restraint by the direction of the Vazir, who was preparing again to wage war with the Persians."

The treachery was amply avenged. The prince seized Fatah Khan by a stratagem. His end is thus told :—

"No tragedy of modern days can be compared with that barbarous one that ended the life of the Vazir. He was conducted, blind and pinioned, into the presence of Mahmud Shah, whom he had elevated to the throne. The Shah asked him to write to his rebellious brothers to submit; to which he replied with fortitude that he was a poor blind prisoner, and had no influence over his brothers. Mahmud Shah was incensed at his obstinacy, and ordered him to be put to the sword; and the Vazir was cruelly and deliberately butchered by the courtiers, cutting him limb from limb, and joint from joint, as was reported, after his nose, ears, fingers and lips had been chopped off. His fortitude was so extraordinary that he neither showed a sign of the pain he suffered, nor asked the perpetrators to diminish their cruelties, and his head was at last sliced from his lacerated body. Such was the shocking result of the misconduct of his brother the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan towards the royal female in Hirat. However, the end of the Vazir Fatah Khan was the end of the Sadozai realm, and an omen for the accession of the new dynasty of the Barakzais, or his brothers, in Afghanistan."

Thenceforth, for many years, anarchy prevailed. Kings were set up and bowled down, passing across the stage as fast as the phantom progeny of Banquo. Victory ultimately rested with Dost Mohammed, who secured Cabul, while various provinces were possessed by his brothers. How he did this, and how he wielded the power he had won, will appear by the following extract :—

"The Sardar stated on his return from Qandhar, that he had got rid of one enemy in the person of Shah Shuja, now defeated, but another was powerfully wounding his heart and honor by the constant turn of affairs, and by the remembrance of the inroads made by an infidel into the Mahomedan land. In this he alluded to the conquest and possessions of the Sikh army at Peshavar; he planned to declare a religious war, in the view that having no money himself to levy troops, he could hardly persuade the people to take up his cause; whereas, under the name of a war for the sake of religion, he might be successful. The priests were accordingly consulted, and all the chiefs, as well as his counsellors, and Mirza Sami Khan, concurred in the opinion that the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan should assume the royal title, and proclaim himself as king; because the religious wars, fought under the name and flag of any other than a king, cannot entitle the warriors to the rights and honors of martyrdom, when they fall in the field. The Sardar was not altogether disinclined to assume royalty; but the want of means to keep up that title, and the unanimous disapproval of his relations, prevented him from adopting the name of king. The Sultan Mohammed Khan was so jealous of the Sardar's taking the royal title, that he left Kabul on the pretence of going to Bajaur. In the mean time, the Sardar, without any preparation or feast, went out of the Bala Hisar with some of his courtiers; and in 'Idgah' Mir Vaiz, the head priest of Kabul, put a few blades of grass on the head of the Sardar, and called him 'Amir-ul-momnin,' or, commander of the faithful. The change of title from Sardar to the higher grade of Amir-ul-momnin, made no change nor produced any effect upon the habits, conduct, and appear-

ance of Dost Mohammed Khan, except that he became still plainer in attire and in talk, and easier of access. The only difference we find now is that of addressing him from this time as Amir. Before the Amir came to the final determination of extortion, the head-priest, Khan Mulla Khan, satisfied him by saying that it was not contrary to the Mahomedan law to snatch money from infidels, such as Hindu bankers, if it was disbursed amongst warriors of the true faith. As the Amir was really in pecuniary wants, and had the sanction of the priest, he therefore seized all the Shikarpuri merchants, and demanded three lakhs of rupees from them. The Amir sent openly, as well as clandestinely, his confidential men in all parts of the country, who spared no time in forcing the payment of the demands of their employer; and where he had given orders to raise a certain sum from certain bankers of a district, the persons employed on this occasion did not forget to fill their own pockets besides. Those who fell into the hands of these official handitti were tortured and deprived of their health before they would part with their wealth; and those who escaped suffered by the confiscation of their movable property. Sham-shuddin Khan at Ghazni, Mohammed Usman Khan at Balabagh, and Mohammed Akbar in Jalalabad, as well as the other petty governors of the various small districts, received instructions from the Amir to follow his example in seizing and torturing, and thus depriving the wealthy of their money. This method of extortion did not remain limited in application for the infidels alone, but gradually it involved the Mahomedans. In the city many principal persons suffered, and among them a rich trader of the name of Sabz Ali, who was commanded to pay thirty thousand rupees, and having refused the payment of so large a sum, he was confined in prison, and torture of every horrid description was inflicted on him by the Amir. Some days he was branded on his thighs; and on other days, cotton, dipped in oil, was tied over his fingers, and burnt as a torch; and after many days of agony the poor man expired. On this occasion the Amir only uttered a word, that he wanted his money and not his death; which, however, could not make him a loser, for he forced the relatives of this victim to pay, and thus obtained this sum. The whole country at this time was an appalling picture of extortion and torture, and he continued to spread havoc all around till a sum of five lakhs of rupees was thus unjustly gathered up for the religious war of the faithful."

And here let us introduce some passages from his private life.

"It should not be omitted to mention that while the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan was occupied by day in endeavoring to increase his power and territory, he was not less active at night in planning the augmentation of the number of his wives, that he might complete the cabinet of his pleasures. In some instances, however, his matrimonial connections were merely political expedients, and not for any domestic comforts. The number of his married wives is not under fourteen, besides the numerous retinue of slave girls. At present the mother of Mohammed Akbar is his favorite, and takes the freedom to give him her opinion on important occasions. She is descended from a high family, but is very jealous of the other wives of the Amir. Every one of them has a separate allowance, a slave girl, and a slave boy; and they occupy different rooms in the palace of Haram Surai, which

is encircled by a high wall. Only one door is there for communication, where a few men, generally of old age, (Qabchis,) are stationed. When the slave boy is absent, the slave girl brings orders from her mistress to the 'Qabchi' for a purchase, or for any other purpose from the inside. If I remember the name well, one of the wives of the Amir, who is named Bibi Gauhar, excited the great jealousy and animosity of the mother of Akbar Khan, who always sought for an excuse to create the suspicions and the wrath of the Amir against the rival lady. One evening, there was a demand of firewood in the establishment of Bibi Gauhar, and her slave boy brought a quantity of it piled on the back of the seller. His eyes were, on entering the palace-door, blindfolded, and his face wrapped in a cloth, while he was conducted by the boy. After unloading the burden from his back, he was in the same manner brought back and let out of the Haram Sarai. Hereupon the penetrating and jealous mother of Akbar Khan thought this the best opportunity to excite some abusive but unjust suspicion of her character in the heart of the lord. The Amir was quietly asked in through Mohammed Akbar Khan; and the mother of the latter, taking him aside, stated that it was a disgraceful thing that her 'ambagh,' rival wife of the Amir, was visited by her paramour, who came in under the disguise of a wood-seller; and she then fabricated sufficient stories to make the Amir prepared to meet her object, for he appeared incensed, and considered that it was not a fabrication; and the poor lady, who a little before was the charming idol of the Amir, was sent for and ordered to be punished for her misconduct. Her assertions of truth were not listened to, and he told Mohammed Akbar Khan to wrap her all in a blanket, and, throwing her on the ground, to strike her with sticks.

"The son was now perfectly aware of the jealousy of his own mother against her, and did not fail to inflict many most severe and cruel blows upon her. She was not released until she fainted, and appeared quite motionless in the bloody blanket. After some time, when she recovered, the Amir found that he had been deceived by his wife, the mother of Akbar, and he apologized to the sufferer for his sad mistake, and punished the fair inventor of the story, (Akbar's mother,) only by not going to her apartment for a few days. Bibi Gauhar was the widow of Mahmud Shah, afterwards of Mohammed Azim Khan, and is now one of the Amir's wives. At breakfast one day the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan asked one of his guests to eat an egg; to which he replied, that he had already eaten a considerable number of slices of roast mutton, and feared an egg might cause an attack of indigestion. This made the Amir burst into laughter, and he said that the Amir Bangashi's wife bore a more masculine taste and appetite for eggs than his noble guest, who appears to yield in this affair to a female. In an amusing tone of voice, Dost Mohammed Khan entertained the circle of his courtiers with the following anecdote:—When I went to the Bangash country to collect the revenues of that district, political circumstances induced me to marry the daughter of the chief, afterwards known as the mother of Mohammed Afzal Khan. According to the custom of the Afghans, the parents of the lady place several baskets of fruits and of sweetmeats, and one or two of boiled eggs, colored variously, in the chambers of the newly-married pair. After the dinner was over,

the Amir with his bride retired; and while amusing themselves with conversation, he took a fancy for some grapes, and the bride handed him an egg, which he found, in fact, to have a better taste than any he had ever had before. He added that he saw his bride using her fingers with admirable alacrity in taking off the skin preparatory to swallowing an egg, and that this activity continued till she finished the whole basketful, to his astonishment; and he remarked that there were not less than fifty eggs in the basket!—In the number of his wives the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan has one from the royal family, which case is unprecedented in record or even in rumor, for no one ever was allowed to make a matrimonial connexion with the royal or Sadozai females. On the contrary, it was considered a great honor if any descendant of the Sadozai would marry a female from the Barakzai tribe, namely, that of the Amir, or indeed of any other tribe besides their own. When the decline of that dynasty commenced, she attracted the sight and attention of the Sultan Mohammed Khan, the brother chief of the Amir, at Peshavar, and a correspondence began between them. She prepared to leave Kabul to be married with her intended husband, under whose escort she was proceeding. The Amir had also lost his heart for her beauty, and got hold of her by force and married her immediately. This at once created, and has ever since maintained, a fatal animosity between the brothers; and the Sultan Mohammed Khan has often been heard to say that nothing would afford him greater pleasure, even at breathing his last, than to drink the blood of the Amir. Such is the nature of the brotherly feeling now existing between them; and the Amir has often and justly mentioned that these three words, commencing with the Persian letter 'ze,' and pronounced like *z* in English, are the principal and deadly causes of quarrel among men, namely, 'zan,' (female,) 'zar,' (money,) and 'zamin,' (land.)"

Mohan Lal enters at great length upon the history of the origin of the Affghan war. It seems that a prominent cause of quarrel was the jealousy entertained by the Affghan chiefs of the English officers, who were continually intriguing with their wives. One instance of this will suffice.

"A gentleman who had taken up his quarters at the house of the Navab Jabbar Khan, won the heart of the favorite lady of his neighbor Nazir Ali Mohammed, and she, crossing the wall by the roof, came to him. The Nazir waited upon me, and I reported the circumstance to Sir Alexander Burnes while the defendant was breakfasting with him. He, of course, denied ever having seen the lady on which the Nazir was dismissed, and I myself was always disliked from that day by that gentleman for reporting that fact. The Nazir then complained to the minister of the king, and he sent us a note demanding the restoration of the fair one. The constable saw her in the house, and gave his testimony to this as a witness; but Sir Alexander Burnes took the part of his countryman, and gave no justice. One night the very same gentleman was coming from the Bala Hisar, and abused the constable for challenging him, and next day stated to Sir Alexander Burnes that he was very ill used, on which Sir Alexander Burnes got the man dismissed by the king. The lady was openly sheltered at the house of the same gentleman after some time, and came to India under the protection of his relatives. Nazir Ali Mohammed and the constable (Hazar Khan Kotval) never forgot these

acts of injustice of Sir Alexander Burnes, and thus they were stimulated to join with Abdullah Khan Aekakzai, and to strike the first blow in revenging themselves on that officer. A rich merchant of Nanchi, near the city, had two years previously fallen in love with a lady at Hirat, and after great pains and exorbitant expense he married her, and placed her under the protection of his relations, while he went on to Bokhara to transact his commercial business. In the absence of the husband, a European subordinate to the staff officer contrived her escape to his residence in the cantonment. The wretched man, on hearing this catastrophe, left all his merchandise unsold, and hastened back to Kabul; and there were no bounds to his tears and melancholy. He complained to all the authorities, and offered a very large sum to the king to have his fair wife restored to him; but she was not given up. He at last sat at the door of Sir William Macnaghten, and declared that he had resolved to put an end to his own life by starvation. When that authority appeared partly determined to order the lady to be given to her lawful husband, she was secretly removed to a house in the city. Hereupon the envoy appointed two of his orderly men to enter the house, and to give her into the charge of the plaintiff; but now the very officer who had offended Nazir Ali Mohammed and Hazar Khan Kotval, came to Sir Alexander, and begged him to pacify the envoy, which he agreed to do. On this a sum of four hundred or five hundred rupees was offered to the husband, if he would give up his claim to his wife; and Sir Alexander Burnes employed Nayab Sharif and Hayat Quaf-lahbashi to persuade the poor husband of the lady to accept these terms, stating that otherwise he will incur the displeasure of that authority. The poor man had no remedy but to fly to Turkistan, without taking the above-mentioned sum. When her paramour was killed, during the retreat of our forces from Kabul, she was also murdered by the Ghazis, with the remnant of our soldiers who had succeeded in making their way forcibly as far as Gandumakh."

Although Dost Mohammed is reigning in full enjoyment of power, his manner of life is represented as debauched and dissipated in the extreme; but Mohan Lal is nevertheless of opinion that, with all his faults, he is the only man who could govern the country, whose energy and firmness can keep the rebellious chieftains in check. He says,

"On the whole, whatever odium may be attached to the Amir of Kabul, it is an unquestionable fact that he is the only person fit to rule Kabul. Dost Mohammed Khan is of the Sunni religion, being the son of an Afghan; but as his mother is a Shia, he is therefore suspected to be of her creed, though he does not confess it openly. He has indulged in all sorts of dissipation, and experienced all kinds of hardships. When he gained power, he prohibited the sale and the use of wine, and prevented dancing girls from remaining in his kingdom, while the dance performed by boys was considered lawful! One day he was informed that some women were drinking and dancing privately in the house of Husain, the servant of Nayab Abdul Samad, on which the Amir sent people to seize them. The punishment inflicted upon them for drinking wine, against the Mohammedan law and his own notification, was the infliction of deformity instead of their beauty, in order to prevent them from appearing again in drinking parties. Their heads were

shaved, and the beard of the host was burnt by the flame of a candle! The Amir Dost Mohammed Khan always gets up before it is dawn, takes a bath, makes his prayers, and reads a portion of the 'Quran' every morning. After that, Mahmud Akhund Zadah gives him some lessons in history as well as poetry. He receives afterwards the state people privately in the dressing-room of the bath, and then comes out to hold his court. He sits there generally till 1 P. M. Now he had his breakfast, or I may say his dinner, as it is just the same as he receives after sunset. When he has finished his breakfast or midday meal, he sleeps till 4 P. M. He then discharges his prayers, and proceeds usually to ride, sees his stud, and returns to the palace, where he dines with his immediate courtiers and friends. There is then some talk of his early proceedings and of his future plans; and the wonder, the jealousy, and the ascendancy of foreign powers are discussed. Sometimes chess, and at other times music, were the favorite amusements of the evening. He amused himself generally in this manner till one hour past midnight. All the chiefs are then dismissed, and on retiring the Amir resides in the apartments of his wives. They live in separate parts, and the Amir pays a visit to one lady one night, and to another wife the next night, and no one is visited two nights successively except the mother of Mohammed Akbar Khan."

DIED, 13th October, at his residence in this city, the Hon. HENRY STEPHEN FOX, late envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of her Britannic majesty, near this government, in the 56th year of his age.

Of this distinguished gentleman, who has resided so long among us, we are able now to present only the following short biographical sketch.

The Hon. Henry Stephen Fox was born in 1791; and was the son of General Henry Edward Fox, third son of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland. He was thus the nephew of the celebrated Charles James Fox, and cousin of the late amiable and enlightened Lord Holland. We may add, moreover, that through one of his female ancestors, he inherits the blood of merry King Charles II., and consequently of Henry IV.

In his younger days, Mr. Fox was well known in the *beau monde* of London, as one of a coterie of elegant, gay, and witty gentlemen of high birth, among whom were Lord Byron, Lord Kinnaird, and others more or less celebrated in their time, whose deeds and sayings are recorded by Moore in his life of Byron.

After the general peace in 1815, he visited the continent, and by remaining too long in Rome, he contracted the malaria fever, which brought him to the verge of the grave, and produced an effect most deleterious upon his constitution. He then entered the diplomatic career, in which his advancement was rapid, in consequence of his talents, as well as through the influence of his noble and political connexions. He was the first minister plenipotentiary of Great Britain to Buenos Ayres, from which he was transferred in the same capacity to Rio de Janeiro, and thence to this government in 1836. Of the talent displayed in his correspondence on many delicate and difficult questions of international law, of his uniform courtesy, of the amenity of his manners in society, it is unnecessary for us to speak. They are all attested by those who have been placed in a situation to observe him.—*Washington Union*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CONDE'S DAUGHTER.

"I SHOULD think we cannot be very far from our destination by this time."

"Why, were one to put faith in my appetite, we must have been at least a good four or five hours *en route* already; and if our Rosinantes are not able to get over a *misère* of thirty or forty miles without making as many grimaces about it as they do now, they are not the animals I took them for."

"Come, come—abuse your own as much as you please, but this much I will say for my Nero, though he has occasionally deposited me on the roadside, he is not apt to sleep upon the way at least. Nay, so sure am I of him, that I would wager you ten Napoleons that we are not more than four or five miles from the *chateau* at this moment."

"*Pas si bête, mon cher.* I am not fool enough to put my precious Naps in jeopardy, just when I am so deucedly in want of them, too. But a truce to this nonsense. Do you know, Ernest, seriously speaking, I am beginning to think we are great fools for our pains, running our heads into a perilous adventure, with the almost certainty of a severe reprimand from the general, which, I think, even your filial protestations will scarcely save you from, if ever we return alive; and merely to see, what, I dare say, after all, will turn out to be only a pretty face."

"What!—already faint-hearted!—A miracle of beauty such as Darville described is well worth periling one's neck to gaze upon. Besides, is not that our vocation!—and as for reprimands, if you got one as often as I do, you would soon find out that those things are nothing when one is used to them."

"A miracle!—ah, bah! It was the romance of the scene, and the artful grace of the costume, which fascinated his eyes."

"No, no! he just. Recollect that it was not Darville alone, but Delavigne; and even that *connoisseur* in female beauty, Monbreton himself, difficult as he is, declared that she was perfect. She must be a wonder, indeed, when he could find no fault with her."

"Be it so. I warn you beforehand that I am fully prepared to be disappointed. However, as we are so far embarked in the affair, I suppose we must accomplish it."

"Most assuredly, unless you wish to be the laughing-stock of the whole regiment for the next month; for, notwithstanding Darville's boasted powers of discretion, half the subalterns, no doubt, are in possession of the secret of our *escapade* by this time."

"Well, then, Ernest, as we are launched on this wise expedition, let me sermonize a small portion of prudence into that most giddy brain of yours. Remember that, after all, if those ruthless Spaniards were to discover the trick we are playing them, they would probably make us pay rather too dearly for the frolic. In short, Ernest, I am very much afraid that your *étourderie* will let the light rather too soon into the thick skulls of those magnificent hidalgos."

"Preach away—I listen in all humility."

"Ernest, Ernest, I give you up; you are incorrigible!" rejoined the other, turning away to hide the laugh which the irresistibly comic expression of his friend threw into his countenance had excited.

And who were the speakers of this short dialogue? Two dashing, spirited-looking young men, who, at the close of it, reined in their steeds, in the dilemma of not knowing where to direct them. Theirs was, indeed, a wild-goose chase. Their *Chateau en Espagne* seemed invisible, as such *chateaux* usually are; and where it might be found, who was there to tell?—Not one. The scene was a desert—not even a bird animated it; and just before them branched out three roads from the one they had hitherto confidently pursued.

After a moment's silence, the cavaliers both burst into a gay laugh.

"Here's a puzzle, Alphonse!" said the one. "Which of the three roads do you opine?"

"The left, by all means," replied the other; "I generally find it leads me right."

"But if it should n't now?"

"Why, then, it only leads us wrong."

"But I don't choose to go wrong."

"And what have you been doing ever since you set out?"

"True; but as we are far enough now from that point, we must e'en make the best of the bad."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Why, if one only knew which was the best."

At this moment the tinkling of a mule's bells, mingled with the song of the muleteer, came on the air.

"Hist! here comes counsel," exclaimed the young man whom the other named Ernest. "Holla, señor hidalgo; do you know the castle of the Conde di Miranda?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"Where it was."

"Near?"

"That's as one finds it."

"And how shall we find it?"

"By reaching it."

"Come, come, hidalgo mio."

"I'm no hidalgo," said the man, roughly.

"But you ought to be. I've seen many less deserving of it," resumed the traveller.

"I dare say," retorted the muleteer.

"If you'll conduct us within view of the castle you shall be rewarded."

"As I should well deserve."

"Ah, your deserts may be greater than our purse."

But the man moved on.

"Halte-là, friend! I like your company so well that I must have it a little longer." And the officer pulled out a pistol. "Will you, or will you not, guide us to the castle of the Conde?"

"I will," gruffly replied the man, with a look which showed that he was sorry to be forced to choose the second alternative.

"Can we trust this fellow?" said the younger officer to the elder.

"No—but we can ourselves; and keep a sharp look-out."

"Besides, I shall give him a hint. Hidalgo mio—" he began.

"Señor Franzese," interrupted the muleteer.

"What puts that into your head, hidalgo? Franzese—why, Don Felix y Cortos, y Sargas, y Nos, y Tierras, y, y—don't you know an Englishman when you see him?"

"Yes," muttered the Spaniard—"Yes, and a Frenchman, too."

"No, you don't, for here's the proof. Why,

what are we, but English officers, carrying despatches to your Conde from our general?"

The muleteer looked doubtfully.

"Why, do you suppose Frenchmen would trust themselves amongst such a set of"—

"Patriots!" exclaimed the other stranger, hastily.

"All I say," observed the man drily, "is, that if you are friends of the Conde, he will treat you as you deserve. If enemies, the same. So, backward."

"Onward, you mean."

"Aye, for me; but not for you, señores, you have left the castle a mile to the left."

"I guessed right, you see," said Alphonse, "when I guessed left."

The muleteer passed on, and the horsemen followed.

"I say, hidalgo mio," called out Ernest, "what sort of a don is this same Conde?"

"As how?" inquired the muleteer.

"Is he rich?"

"Yes."

"Proud?"

"Yes."

"Old?"

"No."

"Has he a wife?"

"No."

"Has he children?"

"No."

"No!" exclaimed the cavalier with surprise. "No child!"

"You said children, señor."

"He has a child, then?"

"Yes."

"A son?"

"No."

"A daughter?"

"Yes."

"Why, yes and no seems all you have got to say."

"It seems to answer all you have got to ask, señor."

"Is the Doña very handsome?" interrupted Alphonse, impatiently.

"Yes and no, according to taste," replied the muleteer.

"He laughs at us," whispered Ernest in French. The conversation with the muleteer had been, thus far, carried on in Spanish—which Ernest spoke fairly enough. But the observation he thoughtlessly uttered in French seemed to excite the peasant's attention.

"Do you speak English?" asked Ernest.

"Yes," was the reply, in English. "Do you?"

"Me English? ab course. Speak well English," replied Ernest, in the true Gallic-idiom. Then relapsing into the more familiar tongue, he added, "But in Spain I speak Spanish."

By this time the trio had arrived within view of a large castellated building, whose ancient towers, glowing in the last rays of the setting sun, rose majestically from the midst of groves of dark cypresses and myrtle which surrounded it.

The muleteer stopped. "There, señores," he said, "stands the castle of the Conde. Half-a-mile further on lies the town of R—, to which, señores," he added, with a sarcastic smile, "you can proceed, should you not find it convenient to remain at the *Castello*. And now, I presume, as

I have guided you so far right, you will suffer me to resume my own direction."

"Yes, as there seems no possibility of making any more mistakes on our way, you are free," replied the gravest of the two. "But stop one moment yet, *amigo*," and he pointed to a little cross-road which, a little further on, diverged from the *camino real*, "where does that lead to?"

"*Amigo*!" muttered the man between his teeth, "say *enemigo* rather!"

"An answer to my question, *villano*," said the young Frenchman, haughtily—while his hand instinctively groped for the hilt of his sword.

"To R—," replied the man, as he turned silently and sullenly to retrace his steps.

"Holla, there!" Ernest called out; "you have forgotten your money;" and he held out a purse, but the man was gone. "*Va donc, et que le diable t'emporte, brutal!*" added Ernest de Lucenay; taking good care, however, this time, that the ebullition of his feelings was not loud enough to reach the ears of the retreating peasant. "Confound it! I would rather follow the track of a tiger through the pathless depths of an Indian jungle alone, than be led by such a savage *cicerone*."

"Never mind the fellow; we have more than enough to think of in our own affairs," exclaimed his friend, impatiently. Let us stop here a moment and consult, before we proceed any further. One thing is evident, at all events, that we must contrive to disguise ourselves better if we wish to pass for anything but Frenchmen. With my knowledge of the English language, and acquaintance with their manners and habits, trifling as it is, I am perfectly certain of imposing on the Spaniards, without any difficulty; but you will as certainly cause a blow-up, unless you manage to alter your whole style and appearance. I dare say you have forgotten all my instructions already."

"Bah! Alphonse. Let me alone for puzzling the dons; I'll be as complete a *Goddam* in five minutes as any stick you ever saw, I warrant you."

"Nothing can appear more perfectly un-English than you do at present. That *éveillè* look of yours is the very devil;" and Alphonse shook his head despondingly.

"Incredulous animal! just hold Nero for five minutes, and you shall have ocular demonstration of my powers of acting. *Parbleu!* you shall see that I can be solemn and awkward enough to frighten half the *petites maîtresses* of Paris into the vapors." And so saying, De Lucenay sprang from his saddle, and consigning the bridle into his friend's hands, ran towards a little brook, which trickled through the grass at a short distance from the roadside; but not before he had made his friend promise to abstain from casting any profane glances on his toilet till it was accomplished.

Wisely resolving to avoid temptation, Alphonse turned away, when, to his surprise, he perceived the muleteer halting on a rising ground at a little distance. "By Jove! that insolent dog has been watching us. Scoundrel, will you move on?" he exclaimed, in French, raising his voice angrily, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he terminated the unfinished phrase by "*Sigue tu camin! Pícaro! Bribon!*" while he shook his pistol menacingly at the man's head—a threat which did not seem to intimidate him much, for, though he resumed his journey, his rich sonorous voice burst triumphant-ly forth into one of the patriotic songs; and long

after h
ritourn
rang u
This
De Luc
his frie
Spain
should
anger
troll
credib
breath
stood s
"W
not?
"N
will ec
light o
shade.
imitabl
you."
"He
unhapp
Noth
than th
few mo
in his
water f
the rich
Quaker
turned
bones,
the cro
tails of
its han
were c
closed
boots,
ton.
"W
lar bou
ing up
he rou
in the
blance.
"Ex
little m
oh, it'
a peal
standi
refrain
"Le
well, to
waddin
ought
charact
"Ge
as his
you, I
hidden
stroyed
those c
in conq
impale
that aw
hours;
coolest
sices by
figure.
cut you
friend."
"Fin
that you

after he had disappeared from their eyes, the usual *ritournelle*, "*Viva Fernando! Muera Napoleon!*" rang upon the air.

This short interval had more than sufficed for De Lucenay's mysterious operations. And before his friend was tired of fuming and sacreing against Spain and Spaniards, Ernest tapped him on the shoulder, and for once both the young officer's anger and habitual gravity vanished in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "By Jupiter! it is incredible," he gasped forth, as soon as returning breath would allow him to speak; while Ernest stood silently enjoying his surprise.

"Well, what think you? It will do, will it not? Are you still in fear of a *fiasco*?"

"Nay! My only fear now is, that the pupil will eclipse the master, and that the more shining light of your talents will cast mine utterly into the shade. By heavens! the transformation is inimitable. Your own father would not know you."

"He would not be the only one in such an unhappy case, then."

Nothing certainly could have been more absurd than the complete metamorphosis which, in those few moments, De Lucenay had contrived to make in his appearance. With the aid of a little fresh water from the rivulet, he had managed to reduce the rich curly locks of his chestnut hair to an almost Quaker flatness; the shirt collar, which had been turned down, was now drawn up to his cheekbones, and with his hat placed perpendicularly on the crown of his head, one arm crossed under the tails of his coat, and the other balancing his whip, its handle resting on his lips, the corners of which were drawn puritanically down, and his half-closed eyes staring vacantly on the points of his boots, he stood the living picture of an automaton.

"Well, would you not swear that I was a regular *boule-dog Anglais*?" exclaimed Ernest, stalking up and down for his friend's inspection, while he rounded his shoulders, and carried his chin in the air, in order to increase the resemblance.

"Excellent!—only not so much *laissez aller*; a little more stiff—more drawn up! That will do—oh, it's perfect!" And again Alphonse burst into a peal of laughter, in which De Lucenay, notwithstanding his newly-assumed gravity, could not refrain from joining.

"Let me see—that coat fits a great deal too well, too close. We must rip out some of the wadding, just to let it make a few wrinkles; it ought to hang quite loosely, in order to be in character."

"Gently, *mon cher*!" interposed De Lucenay, as his friend drew out a pen-knife. "To satisfy you, I have injured the sit of my cravat, I have hidden the classic contour of my neck, I have destroyed the Antinous-like effect of my *coiffure*—those curls which were the despair of all my rivals in conquest—I have consented to look like a wretch impaled, and thus renounce all the *bonnes fortunes* that awaited me during the next four-and-twenty hours; and now you venture to propose, with the coolest audacity, that I should crown all these sacrifices by utterly destroying the symmetry of my figure. No, no, *mon cher*! that is too much; cut yourself up as you please, but spare your friend."

"*Vive Dieu!*" laughed Alphonse. "It is lucky that you have absorbed such an unreasonable pro-

portion of vanity that you have left none for me. To spare the acuteness of your feelings, I will be the victim. Here goes!" And, so saying, he ripped up the lining of his coat, and scattered a few handfuls of wadding to the winds. "Will that do?"

"Oh, capitally! I would rather you wore it than me; it has as many wrinkles as St. Marceau's forehead."

"Forward, then, *et vogue la galère!*" exclaimed Alphonse, as De Lucenay vaulted into his saddle, and the cavaliers spurred on their horses to a rapid canter.

"*Apropos!*" exclaimed De Lucenay, as they approached the castle; "we ought to lay our plans, and make a proper arrangement beforehand, like honest, sociable brothers-in-arms; it would never do to stand in each other's light, and mar our mutual hopes of success by cutting each other's throats for the sake of the *bella*."

"Oh, as for me, you are welcome to all my interest in the *Doña's* heart beforehand; for I never felt less disposed to fall in love than I do at present."

"You are delightful in theory, *caro mio*; but as your practice might be somewhat different, suppose we make a little compact, upon fair terms, viz., that the choice is to depend on the *señora* herself; that whoever she distinguishes, the other is to relinquish his claims at once, and thenceforth devote all his energies to the assistance of his friend. We cannot both carry her off, you know; so it is just as well to settle all these little particulars in good time."

"Oh! as you please. I am quite willing to sign and seal any compact that will set your mind at rest; though, for my part, I declare off beforehand."

"Well, then, it is a done thing; give me your hand on it. *Parole d'honneur!*" said De Lucenay, stretching out his.

"*Parole d'honneur,*" returned his friend, with a smile.

"But to return to the elopement!"

"Gad! How you fly on! There will be two words to that part of the story, I suspect. *Doña Inez* will probably not be quite so easily charmed as our dear little *grisettes*; and she must be consulted, I suppose; unless, indeed, you intend to carry the fort by storm; the current of your love may not flow as smoothly as you expect."

"Oh, as for that, leave it to me. Spanish women have too good a taste, and we Frenchmen are too irresistible to leave me any fears on that score; besides, she must be devilishly difficult if neither of us suit her. You are dark, and I fair—you are pensive, and I gay—you poetic, and I witty. The deuce is in it, if she does not fall in love with either one or other!"

"Add to which, the private reservation, no doubt, that if she has one atom of discernment, it is a certain *rolage*, giddy, young aide-de-camp that she will select."

"Why, if I had but fair play; but as my tongue will not be allowed to shine, I must leave the captivation part to my *yeux doux*. Who knows, though?"

"Oh, *vanitas vanitatum!*" exclaimed Alphonse, with a laugh.

"I might say the same of a certain rebellious aristocrat, who lays claim to the euphonious patronymic of La Tour d'Auvergne, with a pedigree that dates from the flood, and a string of musty ances-

tors who might put the patriarchs to the blush ; but I am more generous ;" and De Lucenay began carelessly to hum a few bars of *La Carmagnole*.

"Softly !" said his more prudent friend. "We are drawing near the chateau, and you might as well wear a cockade *tricolor* as let them hear that."

It was an antique, half-Gothic, half-Saracenic looking edifice, which they now approached. A range of light arcades, whose delicate columns, wreathed round with the most graceful foliage, seemed almost too slight to sustain the massive structure which rose above them, surrounded the *pian terreno*. Long tiers of pointed windows, mingled with exquisite fretwork, and one colossal balcony, with a rich crimson awning, completed the façade. Beneath the *portico*, numbers of servants and retainers were lounging about, enjoying the *fresco*. Some, stretched out at full length on the marble benches that lined the open arcades, were fast asleep ; others, seated *à la Turque* upon the ground, were busily engaged in a noisy game of cards. But the largest group of all had collected round a handsome Moorish-looking Andalusian, who, leaning against the wall, was lazily rasping the chords of a guitar that was slung over his shoulder, while he sang one of those charming little *Tiranas*, to which he *improvised* the usual nonsense words as he proceeded ; anon the deep mellow voices of his auditory would mingle with the "*Ay de mi chaira mia ! Luz de mi alma !*" &c., of the *ritournelle*, and then again the soft deep tones of the Andalusian rang alone upon the air.

As no one seemed to heed their approach, the two young men stood for a few moments in silence, listening delightedly to the music, which now melted into the softer strain of a *Seguidilla*, now brightened into the more brilliant measure of a *Bolero*. Suddenly, in the midst of it, the singer broke off, and springing on his feet as if inspired, he dashed his hands across the strings. Like an electric shock, the well-known chords of the *Tragala* aroused his hearers—every one crowded round the singer. The players threw down their cards, the loungers stood immovable, even the sleepers started into life ; and all chorusing in enthusiastically, a burst of melody arose of which no one unacquainted with the rich and thrilling harmony peculiar to Spanish voices, can form an idea.

"Ernest," said La Tour d'Auvergne in a whisper, "we shall never conquer such a people : Napoleon himself cannot do it."

"Perhaps," replied his friend in the same tone. "They are desperately national ; it will be tough work, at all events. But, come on ; as the song is finished, we have some chance of making ourselves heard now." And De Lucenay spurred his horse up to the entrance. At their repeated calls for attendance, two or three servants hastened out of the vestibule and held their horses as they dismounted. They became infinitely more attentive, however, on hearing that the strangers were English officers, the bearers of dispatches to their master ; and a dark Figaro-looking laquay, in whose lively roguish countenance the Frenchmen would have had no difficulty in recognizing a Biscayan, even without the aid of his national and picturesque costume, offered to usher them into the presence of the Conde.

Their guide led the way through the long and lofty vestibule, which opened on a superb marble colonnade that encircled the patio or court, in the

centre of which two antique and richly-sculptured fountains were casting up their glittering *jets-d'eau* in the proscribed form of *fleurs-de-lis*, to be received again in two wide porphyry basins. Traversing the *patio*, they ascended a fine marble staircase, from the first flight of which branched off several suites of apartments. Taking the one to the right, the young men had full leisure to observe the splendor that surrounded them, as they slowly followed their conductor from one long line of magnificent rooms into another. Notwithstanding many modern alterations, the character of the whole building was too evidently eastern to admit a doubt as to its Moorish origin. Everywhere the most precious marbles, agates, and lapis-lazuli, Oriental jasper, porphyry of every variety, dazzled the eye. In the centre of many of the rooms there played a small fountain ; in others there were four, one in each angle. Large divans of the richest crimson and violet brocades lined the walls, while ample curtains of the same served in lieu of doors. But what particularly struck the friends was the brilliant beauty of the arabesques that covered the ceilings, and the exquisite chiselling of the cornices, and the frame-work of the windows.

"The palace is beautiful, is it not ?" said the Biscayan, as he perceived the admiring glances they cast around them. "It ought to be, for it was one of the summer dwellings of *il rey Moro* ; and those *creticos malditos* cared but little what treasures they lavished on their pleasures. It came into my master's possession as a descendant of the Cid, to whom it was given as a guerdon for his services."

"What a numerous progeny that famous hero must have had ! He was a wonderful man !" exclaimed De Lucenay, with extreme gravity.

"*Si, señor—un hombre maravilloso en verdad*," replied the Spaniard, whom, notwithstanding his natural acuteness, the seriousness of De Lucenay's manner and countenance had prevented from discovering the irony of his words. "But now, señores," he continued, as they reached a golden tissue-draped door, "we are arrived. The next room is the *comedor*, where the family are at supper."

"Then, perhaps, we had better wait a while. We would not wish to disturb them."

"Oh, by no means ! The Conde would be furious if you were kept waiting an instant. The English are great favorites of his. Besides, they must have finished by this time." And raising the curtain, they entered an immense frescoed hall, which was divided in the centre by a sort of transparent partition of white marble, some fourteen or fifteen feet in height, so delicately pierced and chiselled, that it resembled lace-work much more than stone. A pointed door-way, supported by twisted columns, as elaborately carved and ornamented as the rest, opened into the upper part of the hall, which was elevated a step higher. In the centre of this, a table was superbly laid out with a service of massive gold ; while the fumes of the viands was entirely overpowered by the heavy perfume of the colossal *bouquets* of flowers which stood in sculptured silver and gold vases on the plateau. Around the table were seated about twenty persons, amongst whom the usual sprinkling of *sacerdotes* was not wanting. A stern, but noble-looking man sat at the upper end of the table, and seemed to do the honors to the rest of the company.

The Conde—for it was he—rose immediately on

receiving the message which the young officers had sent in; while they waited its answer in the oriel window, being unwilling to break in so unceremoniously upon a party which seemed so much larger, and more formal, than any they had been prepared to meet. Their host received them most courteously as they presented their credentials—namely, a letter from the English general, Wilson, who commanded the forces stationed at the city of S—, about sixty miles distant from the chateau. As the Conde ran his glance over its contents—in which the general informed him that within three or four days he would reach R—, when he intended to avail himself of the Conde's often proffered hospitality, till when he recommended his two aides-de-camp to his kindness—the politeness of their welcome changed to the most friendly cordiality.

"Señores," he said, "I am most grateful to his excellency for the favor he has conferred on me, in choosing my house during his stay here. I feel proud and happy to shelter beneath my roof any of our valued and brave allies.—But you must have had a hard day's ride of it, I should think."

"Why, yes, it was a tolerable morning's work," replied De Lucenay, who felt none of Alphonse's embarrassment.

"Pablo, place seats for their excellencies," said the Conde to one of the domestics who stood around; while he motioned to the *soi-disant* Englishmen to enter the supper-room, in which the clatter of tongues and plates had sensibly diminished, ever since the commencement of the mysterious conference which had been taking place beyond its precincts. "You must be greatly in want of some refreshment, for the wretched posadas on the road cannot have offered you anything eatable."

"They were not very tempting, certainly; however, we are pretty well used to them by this time," replied De Lucenay. "But, Señor Conde, really we are scarcely presentable in such a company," he added, as he looked down on his dust-covered boots and dress.

"What matter? You must not be so ceremonious with us; you cannot be expected to come off a journey as if you had just emerged from a lady's boudoir," answered the Conde with a smile.

"Besides, these are only a few intimate friends who have assembled to celebrate my daughter's fête-day." And, so saying, he led them up to the table, and presented them to the circle as Lord Beauclerc and Sir Edward Trevor, aides-de-camp to General Wilson. "And now," he added, "I must introduce you to the lady of the castle; my daughter, Doña Inez;" and turning to a slight elegant-looking girl, who might have been about sixteen or seventeen, he said—"Mi querida, these gentlemen have brought me the welcome news that our friend the English general will be here in three or four days at the latest; the corps will be quartered in the neighborhood, but the general and his aides-de-camp will reside with us. Therefore, as they are likely to remain some time, we must all do our utmost to render their stay amongst us as agreeable to them as possible."

"I shall be most happy to contribute to it as far as it is in my slight power," replied Doña Inez in a low sweet voice, while she raised her large lustrous eyes to those of Alphonse, which for the last five minutes had been gazing as if transfixed upon her beautiful countenance.

Starting as if from a dream, he stammered out,

"Señorita, I—I—," when fortunately Le Lucenay came to his assistance, with one of those little well-turned flattering speeches for which French tact is so unrivalled; and as the company politely made room for them, they seated themselves beside her.

"Don Fernando," said the Conde to a haughty, grave-looking man, who sat next to De Lucenay, while he resumed his place at the head of the table, "you and Inez, I trust, will take care of our new friends. *Pobrecitos*, they must be half-famished by their day's expedition, and this late hour."

But the recommendation was superfluous; every one vied with his neighbor in attending to the two strangers, who, on their part, were much more intent on contemplating the fair mistress of the mansion, than on doing honor to the profusion of *frian-dises* that were piled before them.

Doña Inez was indeed beautiful, beyond the usual measure of female loveliness: imagination could not enhance, nor description give an idea of the charm that fascinated all those who gazed upon her: features cast in the most classic mould—a complexion that looked as if no southern sun had ever smiled on it. But the eyes!—the large, dark, liquid orbs, whose glance would now seem almost dazzling in its excessive brightness, and now melted into all the softness of Oriental languor, as the long, gloomy Circassian lashes drooped over them! As Alphonse looked upon her, he could have almost fancied himself transported to Mohammed's paradise, and taken the Spanish maiden for a houri; but that there was a soul in those magnificent eyes—a nobleness in the white and lofty brow—a dignity in the calm and pensive calmness, which spoke of higher and better things.

But if her appearance enchanted him, her manners were not less winning; unembarrassed and unaffected, her graceful and natural ease in a few moments contrived to make them feel as much at home as another would have done in as many hours. Much to the young Frenchman's regret, however, they were not long allowed to enjoy their *aparté* in quiet; for a thin, sallow-looking priest, whom Doña Inez had already designated to them as the *Padre Confessor*, interrupted them in a few minutes, and the conversation became general.

"It is a great satisfaction to us all to see you here, señores," he said. "First, as it procures us the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with our good friends and allies the English; and, secondly, as a guarantee that we are not likely to have our sight polluted by any of those sacrilegious demons the French, while you are amongst us."

"*Gracias a Dios!*" energetically rejoined the *cappellan*—a fat, rosy, good-humored looking old man, the very antipodes of his grim *confrère*. "The saints preserve me from ever setting eyes on them again! You must know, señores, that some six weeks ago I had gone to collect some small sums due to the convent, and was returning quietly home with a lay brother, when I had the misfortune to fall in with a troop of those sons of Belial, whom I thought at least a hundred miles off. Would you believe it, señores! without any respect for my religious habit, the impious dogs laid violent hands on me; laughed in my face when I told them I was almoner to the holy community of Sancta Maria de los Dolores; and vowing that they were sure that my frock was well lined, actually forced me to strip to the skin, in order to despoil me of the treasure of the Church! Luckily, however, the Holy Virgin had inspired me to

hide it in the mule's saddle-girths, and so, the zechins escaped their greedy fangs. But I had enough of the fright; it laid me up for a week. Misericordia! what a set of cut-throat, hideous-looking ruffians! I thought I should never come alive out of their hands!"

"Jesus!" exclaimed a handsome bronzed-looking Castilian, whom De Lucenay had heard addressed as Doña Encarnacion de Almocegas; "are they really so wicked and so frightful?"

"Without doubt; true demons incarnate," replied the voracious priest.

"Come, come, *reverendissimo padre*; you are too hard upon the poor devils; I have seen a good-looking fellow amongst them, now and then."

"*Bondad sua, señor*, I'll be sworn there is not one fit to tie the latchet of your shoe in the whole army."

"Yet how strange, then," recommenced Doña Encarnacion, "the infatuation they excite! I am told that it is inconceivable the numbers of young girls, from sixteen and upwards, who have abandoned their homes and families to follow these brigands. Their want of mature years and understanding," she continued, with a significant glance at Doña Inez—her indignation having been gradually aroused as she perceived the admiration lavished on her by the strangers, and the indifference with which they viewed her riper charms—"may be one reason; but if the French are so unattractive, such madness is inexplicable."

"Arts, unholy arts all!" cried the confessor. "Their damnable practices are the cause of it. They rob the damsels of their senses, with their infernal potions and elixirs. The wretches are in league with the devil."

"Assuredly," replied Don Fernando, gravely, "you must be right. No woman in her senses would condescend to look at those insignificant triflers, while a single *caballero* of the true old type is to be found on Spanish soil;" and he drew himself still more stiffly up.

"The Holy Virgin defend me from their snares!" fervently ejaculated a thin wrinkled old woman, who until then might easily have been mistaken for a mutany, casting her eye up to heaven, and crossing herself with the utmost devotion.

A suppressed laugh spread its contagious influence all round the table.

"Doña Estefania, have no fear; you possess an infallible preservative," exclaimed the cappellan.

"And what may that be?" responded the antiquated fair, somewhat sharply.

"Your piety and virtue, *señora*," rejoined the merry *cappellano*, with a roguish smile, which was not lost on the rest of the company, though it evidently escaped the obtuser perceptions of Doña Estefania; for drawing her mantilla gracefully around her, and composing her parched visage into a look of modesty, she answered in a softened tone, while she waved her *abanico* timidly before her face, "Ah, *Padre Anselmo*! you are too partial; you flatter me!"

This was too much for the risible faculties of the audience; even the grim Don Fernando's imperturbable mustache relaxed into a smile; while to avert the burst of laughter which seemed on the point of exploding on all sides, Doña Inez interrupted—

"But, *señora*, I should hope there is much falsehood and exaggeration in the reports you allude to. I trust there are few, if any, Spanish maidens

capable of so forgetting what is due to themselves and to their country."

"Nevertheless, the contrary is the case," replied Doña Encarnacion, with asperity.

"Oh! no, no—it cannot be! I will not believe it; it is calumnious—it is impossible! What being, with one drop of Spanish blood within their veins, would be so debased as to follow the invaders of their country, the destroyers, the despoilers of their own land!" Doña Inez, led away by her own enthusiasm, colored deeply, while Doña Encarnacion seemed on the point of making an angry retort, when the count gave the signal to rise. The rest followed his example, and the Conde led the young Frenchmen to a window, where he conversed a little with them, asked many questions about the forces, about the general who was to be their inmate, &c.—to all which De Lucenay's ready wit and inimitable *sang froid* furnished him with suitable and unhesitating replies. The Conde then concluded with the information, that as there was to be rather a larger tertulia than usual that evening, perhaps they would wish to make some alteration in their dress before the company arrived.

The officers gladly availed themselves of the permission, and followed the *maggior-domo* up a massive flight of stairs, into a handsome suite of three or four rooms, assigned entirely to their use. After having promenaded them through the whole extent of their new domicile, the *maggior-domo* retired, leaving them to the attendance of their former guide, Pedro, who was deputed to serve them in the capacity of *valet-de-chambre*.

The young men were astonished at the magnificence of all that met their eyes: walls covered with the finest tapestry; ewers and goblets of chased and solid silver; even to the quilts and canopies of the bed, stiff with gold embroidery. But they were too much absorbed by the charms of the Conde's daughter, and too anxious to return to the centre of attraction, to waste much time in admiring the splendor of their quarters.

"How beautiful Doña Inez is!" said De Lucenay, as, in spite of all prudential considerations, he tried to force his glossy locks to resume a less sober fashion. "She must have many admirers, I should think!"

"By the dozen," answered the Spaniard. "She is the pearl of Andalusia; there is not a noble *caballero* in the whole province that would not sell his soul to obtain a smile from her."

"And who are the favored ones at present?"

"Oh, she favors none; she is too proud to cast a look on any of them: yet there are four *hidalgos* on the ranks at present, not one of whom the haughtiest lady in Spain need disdain. Don Alvar de Mendoce, especially, is a cavalier whose birth and wealth would entitle him to anything short of royalty; not to speak of the handsomest face, the finest figure, and the sweetest voice for a serenade, of any within his most Catholic Majesty's dominions."

"And is it possible that the Doña can be obdurate to such irresistible attractions?"

Pedro shrugged his shoulders. "Why, she has not absolutely refused him, for the Conde favors his suit; but she vows she will not grant him a thought till he has won his spurs, and proved his patriotism, by sending at least a dozen of those French dogs to their father Satanasso."

"A capital way to rid one's-self of a bore!"

exclaimed De Lucenay, while he cast a last glance at the glass. "So you are ready, milor," he added, turning to his friend, who, notwithstanding his indifference, had spent quite as much time in adorning himself. And, Pedro preceding them, the young men gayly descended the stairs.

On entering the *salon*, they found several groups already assembled. Doña Inez was standing speaking to two or three ladies; while several cavaliers hovered round them, apparently delighted at every word that fell from her lips. She disengaged herself from her circle, however, on perceiving them, and gradually approached the window to which they had retreated.

"What a lovely evening!" she exclaimed, stepping out upon the balcony, on which the moon shone full, casting a flood of soft mellow light on the sculptured façade of the old castle, tipping its forest of tapering pinnacles and the towering summits of the dark cypresses with silver. "You do not see such starlit skies in England, I believe!"

"I have enjoyed many a delightful night in my own country, señora, and in others, but such a night as this, never—not even in Spain!" answered Alphonse, fixing his expressive eyes on her with a meaning not to be mistaken.

"What a pity it is that we cannot import a few of these soft moonlights to our own chilly clime, for the benefit of all lovers, past, present, and future!" said De Lucenay gayly. "It is so much pleasanter to make love in a serenade, with the shadow of some kind projecting buttress to hide one's blushes, a pathetic sonnet to express one's feelings infinitely more eloquently than one can in prose, moonlight and a guitar to cast a shade of romance over the whole, and a moat or river in view to terrify the lady into reason, if necessary—instead of making a formal declaration in the broad daylight, looking rather more *bête* than one has ever looked before, with the uncharitable sun giving a deeper glow to one's already crimson countenance. Or, worse still, if one is compelled to torture one's self for an hour or two over unlucky *billet-doux*, destined to divert the lady and all her confidants for the next six months. Oh! *evviva*, the Spanish mode—nothing like it, to my taste, in the world!"

"*Misericordia!*" exclaimed Doña Inez with a laugh, "you are quite eloquent on the subject, señor. But I should hope, for their sakes, that your delineation of lovers in England is not a very faithful one."

"To the life, on my honor."

"Probably they do not devote quite so much time to it as our *caballeros*, who are quite adepts in the science."

"Don Alvar de Mendocoe, for example," muttered Alphonse, between his teeth.

"What! where?" cried the young girl, in an agitated tone; "who mentioned Don Alvar! Did you! But no—impossible!" she added hurriedly.

"I!" exclaimed Alphonse, with an air of surprise—"I did not speak. But, *pardon*, señora! is not the cavalier you have just named, your brother?"

"No, señor—I have no brother; that *caballero*, he is only a—friend of my father's," she answered confusedly.

"Oh! excuse me," said Alphonse, with the most innocent air imaginable; "I thought you had."

There was a moment's pause, and Doña Inez returned into the *saloon*, which was now beginning rapidly to fill.

"I am afraid I must leave you, señores; the dancing is about to commence," she said, "and I must go and speak to some young friends of mine who have just come in. But first let me induce you to select some partners."

"I did not know it was customary to dance at *tertulias*," observed Ernest.

"Not in general, but to-night it is augmented into a little ball, in honor of its being my *día de cumpleaños*. But come, look round the room, and choose for yourselves. Whom shall I take you up to?"

"May I not have the pleasure of dancing with Doña Inez herself?" said De Lucenay.

"Ah no! I would not inflict so *triste* a partner on you; I must find you a more lively companion." And as if to prevent the compliment that was hovering on Ernest's lips, she hurried on, while she pointed out a group that was seated near the door. "There! what do you think of Doña Juana de Zayas! the liveliest, prettiest, and most remorseless coquette of all Andalusia; for whose bright eyes more hearts and heads have been broken than I could enumerate, or you would have patience to listen to."

"What! that sparkling-looking brunette, who flutters her *abanico* with such inimitable grace?"

"The same."

"Oh! present me by all means."

"And you, señor," said Doña Inez, returning with more interest to Alphonse, who had stood silently leaning against a column, while she walked his friend across the room, and seated him beside Doña Juana, "will you be satisfied with Doña Mercedes, who is almost as much admired as her sister; or shall we look further?"

"But you, so formed to shine—to eclipse all others—do you never dance, *señorita!*"

"Seldom or ever," she answered sadly. "I have no spirit for enjoyment now!"

"But wherefore! Can there be a cloud to dim the happiness of one so bright—so beautiful!" he answered, lowering his voice almost to a whisper.

"Alas!" she said, touched by the tone of interest with which he had spoken—"is there not cause enough for sadness in the misfortunes of my beloved country; each day, each hour producing some fresh calamity! Who can be gay when we see our native land ravaged, our friends driven from their homes; when we know not how soon we may be banished from our own?"

"Deeply—sincerely do I sympathize with, and honor your feelings; but yet, for once, banish care, and let us enjoy the present hour like the rest."

"Indeed, I should prove a bad *danceuse*; it is so long since I have danced, that I am afraid I have almost forgotten how."

"But as I fear nothing except ill success, let me entreat."

"No, no—I will provide you with a better partner."

"Nay, if Doña Inez will not favor me, I renounce dancing, not only for to-night, but forever."

"Oh! well then, to save you from such a melancholy sacrifice, I suppose I must consent," replied Doña Inez with a laugh; and as the music now gave the signal to commence, she accepted his proffered arm; and in a few moments she was whirling round the circle as swiftly as the gayest of the throng. The first turn of the waltz sufficed to convince Alphonse that his fears on one score, at least, were groundless; for he had never met with

a lighter or more admirable *valsuse*—a pleasure that none but a good waltzer can appreciate, and which, notwithstanding all her other attractions, was not lost upon the young Frenchman; and before the termination of the waltz, he had decided that Doña Inez was assuredly the most fascinating, as she was undoubtedly the most beautiful, being he had ever beheld.

"*Santa Virgen!*" exclaimed De Lucenay's lively partner, after a moment's silence, which both had very profitably employed; he, in admiring her pretty countenance, and she in watching the somewhat earnest conversation that was kept up between the French officer and Doña Inez, as they reposed themselves on a divan after the fatigues of the waltz. "It seems to me that our proud Inesilla and your friend are very well satisfied with each other. I wonder if Don Alvar would be as well pleased, if he saw them. *Grandios!* there he is, I declare!"

Instinctively De Lucenay's eyes followed the direction of hers, and lighted on a tall striking-looking cavalier, whose handsome features were contracted into a dark frown, while he stood silently observing the couple, the preoccupation of whom had evidently hitherto prevented their perceiving him. "Do, *per caridad!* go and tell your friend to be a little more on his guard, or we shall certainly have a duel: Don Alvar is the first swordsman in Spain, jealous as a tiger, and he makes it a rule to cripple, or kill, every rival who attempts to approach Doña Inez. Your friend is such a good waltzer, that I should really be sorry to see him disabled, at least till I am tired of dancing with him."

"Your frankness is adorable."

"Why, to be sure—of what use are you men except as partners? unless, indeed, you are making love to us; and then, I admit, you are of a little more value for the time being."

"The portrait is flattering."

"Assuredly; you are only too fortunate in being permitted to worship us."

"In the present instance, believe me, I fully appreciate the happiness."

"*Bravo, bravissimo!* I see you were made for me; I hate people who take as much time to fall in love as if they were blind."

"I always reflect with my eyes."

"Ah! that is the true way; but come," rattled on the merry Juanita, "go and give your friend a hint, and I will employ the interim in smoothing the ruffled plumes of an admirer of mine, who has been scowling at me this last half hour, and whose flame is rather too fresh to put an extinguisher on just yet."

"A rival!" exclaimed Ernest in a tragic tone; "he or I must cease to exist."

"Oh! don't be so valiant," cried Doña Juana, leaning back in a violent fit of laughter. "You would have to extinguish twenty of them at that rate."

"Twenty is a large number," said Ernest reflectively.

"Yes, yes—be wise in time," said the pretty coquette, still laughing. "If you are patient and submissive, you have always the chance of rising to the first rank, you know. I am not very exacting, and provided a caballero devotes himself wholly to my service, enlivens me when I am dull, sympathizes with me when I am sad, obeys my commands as religiously as he would his confessor's, anticipates my every wish, and bears with every caprice,

is never gloomy or jealous, and is, moreover, unconscious of the existence of any other woman in the world beside, I am satisfied."

"Is that all! Upon my word your demands are moderate."

"Yes, but as our pious friend Doña Estefania says, perfection is not of this world, and so I content myself with a little," replied the animated girl, imitating the look of mock humility, shrouding herself in her mantilla, and wielding her *abanico* with the identical air and grace which had so completely upset the gravity of the supper-table an hour before. "And then, consider," she continued, as suddenly resuming her own vivacity, "how much more glorious it will be to outstrip a host of competitors, than quietly to take possession of a heart which no one takes the trouble of disputing with you."

"Your logic is positively unanswerable," laughed De Lucenay.

"Ah, *per piedad!* Spare my ignorance the infliction of such hard words, and be off."

"But——" murmured the reluctant Ernest.

"Obedience, you know!" and Juanita held up her finger authoritatively.

Never had Ernest executed a lady's behests with a worse grace, nor was his alacrity increased by perceiving that, ere he had even had time to cross the room, his place was already occupied, as much apparently to the satisfaction of his substitute, as to that of the faithless fair one herself. But Alphonse and his partner had disappeared, and De Lucenay went towards the balcony, to which he suspected they had retreated; but there was no one there, and De Lucenay stood for a few moments in the embrasure of the window, irresolute whether he should seek out his friend or not, while he amused himself contemplating the animated *coup-d'œil* of the saloon. The dark-eyed Spanish belles, with their basquinas and lace mantillas, their flexible figures, and their miniature feet so exquisitely *chassés*; the handsome caballeros, with their dark profiles and black mustaches, their sombre costume, brilliantly relieved by the gold tissue divans, and varied arabesques of the glittering saloon, they looked like the noble pictures of Velasquez or Murillo just stepped out of their frames. As Ernest was reëntering the saloon, the voices of a group of ladies, from whom he was concealed by the crimson drapery of the curtains, caught his attention.

"Ah! *Mariguita mía,*" said one, "how glad I am to meet you here! *Que gusto!* It is a century since I saw you last."

"*Queridita mía,*" responded a masculine tone, very little in harmony with the soft words it uttered; "in these terrible times one dare not venture a mile beyond the town. As for me the mere barking of a dog puts me all in a flutter, and sends me flying to the window. You know the news, I suppose; Doña Isabel de Peñafior has quarrelled with her *cortejo*, and he has flown off in a rage to her cousin Blanca."

"*Misericordia que lastima,* they were such a handsome couple! But it cannot last; they will make it up again, certainly."

"Oh no!" interposed another; "her husband, Don Antonio, has done all he could to reconcile them, but in vain—he told me so himself."

"Well, I am sure I don't wonder at it; she is such a shrew there is no bearing her."

"No matter," resumed the first speaker, "the

example is scandalous, and should not be suffered. Ah! it is all the fault of that artifice Blanca: I knew she would contrive to get him at last."

"*Apposito*, what do you think of the two new stars?"

"Oh, charming! delightful!" exclaimed a voice, whose light silvery tone doubly enhanced the value of its praise to the attentive listener in the back-ground. "Only I fear they will not profit us much; for if my eyes deceive me not, both are already captured."

"No doubt, child," said a voice which had not yet spoken; "good looks and good dancing are quite enough to constitute your standard of perfection."

"At all events," interrupted another, "they are very unlike Englishmen. Do you know," she continued, lowering her voice to a whisper, "that Don Alvar swears they are nothing else than a pair of French spies; and as he speaks English very well, he means to try them by and by."

The intelligence was pleasant! and Ernest seized the first instant when he could slip out unobserved, to go in search of his friend. After looking for him in vain amidst the dancing and chattering crowd, he wandered into an adjoining gallery, whose dark length was left to the light of the moon, in whose rays the gloomy portraits that covered the walls looked almost spectrally solemn. The gallery terminated in a terrace, which was decorated with colossal marble vases and stunted orange trees, whose blossoms embalmed the air with their fragrance. As Ernest approached, the sound of whispered words caught his ear. He stood still an instant, hidden by the porphyry columns of the portico.

"Indeed, indeed, I must return; do not detain me; it is not right; I shall be missed; I cannot listen to you," murmured the low voice of Doña Inez.

"One moment more. Inez, I love, I adore you! Oh, do not turn from me thus—the present instant alone is ours; to-morrow, to-night, this hour perhaps, I may be forced to leave you; give me but hope, one smile, one word, and I will live upon that hope—live for the future—live for you alone, beloved one! till we compel fate to reunite us, or die. But you will not say that word; you care not for me—you love another!" said Alphonse bitterly. "Would that I had never seen you! you are cold, heartless! or you could not reject thus a love so ardent, so devoted, as that I fling at your feet."

"But why this impetuosity—this unreasonable haste! If you love me, there is time to-morrow, hereafter; but this is madness. I love no one—I hate Don Alvar; but your love is folly, insanity. Three hours ago you had never seen me, and now you swear my indifference will kill you. Oh! señor, señor! I am but a simple girl—I am but just seventeen; yet I know that were it even true that you love me, a love so sudden in its birth must perish as rapidly."

"It is not true! you know—you feel that it is not true—you do not think what you say! There is a love which, like the lightning, scorches the tree which it strikes, and blasts it forever; but you reason—you do not love—fool that I am!"

"Oh! let me go—do not clasp my hand so—you are cruel!" and Inez burst into tears.

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me, best beloved! *haz de mi alma!*"

A sound of approaching footsteps on the marble

below startled them, and Inez darted away like a frightened fawn and flew down the gallery.

"Well, stoical philosopher!" exclaimed Ernest, as his friend emerged from behind the orange-trees; "for so indifferent and frozen a personage, I think you get on pretty fast. *Ca ira!* I begin to have hopes of you. So you have lost that frozen heart of yours at last, and after such boasting, too! But that is always the way with you braggadocios. I thought it would end so, you were so wondrously valiant."

"But whoever dreamed of seeing anything so superhumanly beautiful as that young girl! Nothing terrestrial could have conquered me; but my stoicism was defenceless against an angel."

"Bravo! your pride has extricated itself from the dilemma admirably. I must admit that there is some excuse for you; the pearl of Andalusia is undoubtedly *ravissante*. But your pieces of still life never suit me. I have the bad taste to prefer the laughing black-eyed Juanita de Zayas to all the Oriental languor, drooping lashes, and sentimental monosyllables of your divinity."

"Oh, sacrilege! the very comparison is profanation!" exclaimed Alphonse, raising his hands and eyes to heaven.

"Hold hard, *mon cher*. I cannot stand that!" responded Ernest energetically.

"Then, in Heaven's name, do not put such a noble creature as Doña Inez on a level with a mere little trifling coquette."

"Oh! she is every inch as bad. I watched her narrowly, and would stake my life on it she is only the more dangerous for being the less open. Smooth water you know—however, you have made a tolerable day's work of it."

"Either the best or the worst of my life, Ernest!" said his friend passionately.

"What! is it to come to that!—so hot upon it! But while we are standing trifling here, we ought to be discussing something much more important." And here De Lucenay repeated the conversation he had overheard. "In short, I fear we are fairly done for," he added, in conclusion. "I hope you are able to bear the brunt of the battle, for my vocabulary will scarcely carry me through ten words."

"Oh, as for me, I shall do very well; it must be the devil's own luck if he speaks English better than I do," said Alphonse; "and as for you, you must shelter yourself under English *morgue* and reserve."

"Confound him!" muttered de Lucenay; "jealousy is the very deuce for sharpening the wits. But no matter, courage!"—And so saying, the friends sauntered back into the circle.

They had not been long there when the Conde came up and introduced his friend Don Alvar, who, as they had expected, addressed them in very good English; to which Alphonse replied with a fluency which would have delighted his friend less, had he been able to appreciate the mistakes which embellished almost every sentence. To him Don Alvar often turned; but as every attempt to engage him in the conversation was met by a resolute monosyllable, he at last confined himself to Alphonse, much to De Lucenay's relief. His manners, however, were cautious and agreeable; and as, after a quarter of an hour, he concluded by hoping that ere long they should be better acquainted, and left them apparently quite unsuspecting, the young men persuaded themselves that they had outwitted their malicious inquisitor. Their gay spirits thus re-

lieved from the cloud that had momentarily overshadowed them, the remainder of the evening was to them one of unmingled enjoyment. In the society of the beautiful Doña Inez, and her sparkling friend, hours flew by like minutes; and when the last lingering groups dispersed, and the reluctant Juanita rose to depart, the friends could not be convinced of the lateness of the hour.

"Well, Alphonse! so you are fairly caught at last!" said De Lucenay, as, after dismissing Pedro half-an-hour later, he stretched himself full length on the luxurious divan of the immense bedroom, which, for the sake of companionship they had determined on sharing between them. "After all, it is too absurd that you, who have withstood all the artillery of Paris, and escaped all the cross-fire of the two Castiles, should come and be hooked at last in this remote corner of the earth, by the inexperienced black eyes of an innocent of sixteen."

"Good heavens! do cease that stupid style of *persiflage*. I am in no humor for jesting."

"Well, defend me from the love that makes people cross! My *bonnes fortunes* always put me in a good humor."

"Will you never learn to be serious! That absurd manner of talking is very ill-timed."

Ernest was on the point of retorting very angrily, when the sound of a guitar struck upon their ears; and, with one accord, the friends stole silently and noiselessly to the balcony—but not before Ernest, with the tact of experience, had hidden the light behind the marble pillars of the alcove. By this manœuvre, themselves in shade, they could, unperceived, observe all that passed in the apartment opposite to them, from which the sound proceeded; for the windows were thrown wide open, and an antique bronze lamp, suspended from the ceiling, diffused sufficient light over the whole extent of the room to enable them to distinguish almost everything within its precincts. The profusion of flowers, trifles, and musical instruments, that were dispersed around in graceful confusion, would alone have betrayed a woman's sanctum sanctorum, even had not the presiding genius of the shrine been the first and most prominent object that met their eyes. Doña Inez—for it was she—had drawn her seat to the verge of the balcony; and, her guitar resting on her knee, she hurried over a brilliant prelude with a masterly hand; and in a pure, rich voice, but evidently tremulous with emotion, sang a little plaintive *seguidilla* with exquisite taste and feeling. The two young men listened in hushed and breathless attention; but the song was short as it was sweet—in a moment it had ceased; and the young girl, stepping out upon the balcony leaned over the balustrade, and looked anxiously around, as if her brilliant eyes sought to penetrate the very depths of night.

"Well, Alphonse," said De Lucenay, "let me congratulate you. This serenade is for you; but I presume you will no longer deny the coquetry of your *innamorata*?"

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed his friend, hastily, as Doña Inez resumed her seat; "be sure there is some better motive for it."

The music now recommenced, but it was the same air again.

"This is strange!" muttered Ernest: "her repertoire seems limited. Does she know nothing else, I wonder!"

"Silence!" replied the other. "Did you mark the words?" exclaimed Alphonse, hurriedly, as

the music concluded. "*Descuidado caballero, este lecho es vuestra tumba, &c.*"

"No, indeed; I was much better employed in watching the fair syren herself. *Foi de dragon!* she is charming. I have half a mind to dispute her with you."

"She has something to communicate!" exclaimed Alphonse, in an agitated voice; we are in danger." And, running rapidly into the room, he replaced the light on the table, so that they were full in view.

His conjecture was right; for no sooner did the light discover to her those whom she was looking for, than, uttering a fervent "*gracias a Dios!*" she clasped her hands together, and rushed into the apartment, from which she almost instantaneously returned with a small envelope, which she flung with such precision that it fell almost in the centre of the room, with a sharp metallic sound. It was the work of an instant to tear open the packet, take out the key which it contained, and decypher the following words:—

"Señores,—Strange, and I trust unjust suspicions have arisen concerning you. It is whispered that you are not what you appear; that secret and traitorous designs have led you amongst us. Tomorrow's dawn will bring the proof to light. But, should you have anything to fear, fly instantly—not a moment must be lost. Descend by the small staircase; the inclosed is a *pass-partout* to open the gate, outside which Pedro will wait you with your horses, and guide you on your way, till you no longer require him. Alas! I betray my beloved parent's confidence, to save you from a certain and ignominious death. Be generous, then, and bury all that you have seen and heard within these walls in oblivion, or eternal remorse and misery must be mine.—INEZ."

"Generous, noble-minded girl!" enthusiastically exclaimed Alphonse, as he paced the room with agitated steps. "Scarcely do I regret this hour of peril, since it has taught me to know thee!"

"For Heaven's sake, Alphonse, no heroics now!" cried De Lucenay, who, not being in love, estimated the value of time much more rationally than his friend. "Scrabble off an answer—explain that we are not spies—while I prepare for our departure. Be quick!—five minutes are enough for me."

Alphonse followed his friend's advice, and, in an incredibly short space of time, penned off a tolerably long epistle, explaining the boyish frolic into which they had been led by getting possession of the despatches of an imprisoned English aide-de-camp, and the reports of her beauty; filled up with protestations of eternal gratitude and remembrance, and renewing all the vows and declarations of the evening—the precipitancy of which he excused by the unfortunate circumstances under which he was placed, and the impossibility of bidding her adieu, without convincing her of the sentiments which filled his heart then and forever. The letter concluded by intreating her carefully to preserve the signet-ring which it contained; and that should she at any future time be in any danger or distress, she had only to present or send it, and there was nothing, within their power, himself or his friends would not do for her. Having signed their real names and titles, and despatched the *billet-doux* in the same manner as its predecessor, the young men waited till they had the satisfaction of seeing Doña Inez open it; and then, waving their handkerchiefs

in sign of adieu, Alphonse, with a swelling heart, followed his friend down stairs. All happened as the young girl had promised, and in a few moments they were in the open air and in freedom.

"Señores," said Pedro, as they mounted their horses, "the Senorita thinks you had better not return to your quarters, for Don Alvar is such a devil when his jealous blood is up, that he might pursue you with a troop of assassins, and murder you on the road. She desired me to conduct you to S—, whence you may easily take the cross-roads in any direction you please."

"The Senorita is a pearl of prudence and discretion: do whatever she desired you," said Alphonse.

Pedro made no answer; but seemingly as much impressed with the necessity of speed as the young men themselves, put the spurs to his horse; and in a moment they were crossing the country at a speed which bid fair to distance any pursuers who were not gifted with wings as well as feet; nor did they slacken rein till the dawn of day showed them, to their great joy, that they were beyond the reach of pursuit, and in a part of the country with which they were sufficiently well acquainted to enable them to dispense with the services of Pedro—a discovery which they lost no time in taking advantage of, by dismissing the thenceforth inconvenient guide, with such substantial marks of their gratitude as more than compensated him for the loss of his night's rest. A few more hours saw them safely returned to the French camp, without having suffered any greater penalty for the indulgence of their curiosity than a night's hard riding, to the no small discomfiture of the friendly circle of *frères d'armes*, whose prophecies of evil on the subject had been, if not loud, deep and numerous.

It was on a somewhat chilly evening, towards the beginning of winter, that Alphonse was writing a letter in his tent; while De Lucenay, who, when there were no ladies in question, could never be very long absent from his Pylades, was pacing up and down, savoring the ineffable delights of a long *chibouque*, when the orderly suddenly entered, and laid a letter on the table, saying that the bearer waited the answer. Desiring him to attend his orders outside, Alphonse broke open the envelope.

"What the devil have you got there, Alphonse?" exclaimed De Lucenay, stopping in the midst of his perambulations, as he perceived the agitated countenance and tremulous eagerness with which his friend perused the contents of the letter. "It must be a powerful stimulant, indeed, which can make you look so much more like yourself than you have done for these last five months. You have not been so much excited since that mysterious blank letter you received, with its twin sprigs of forget-me-not and myrtle. I began to fear I should have that unlucky expedition of ours on my conscience for the rest of my days. You have never been the same being since."

"There—judge for yourself!" exclaimed Alphonse, flinging him the note after he had hurriedly pressed it to his lips, and rushed out of the tent.

It was with scarcely less surprise and emotion that De Lucenay glanced over the following lines:—

"If honor and gratitude have any claims upon your hearts, now is the moment to redeem the pledge they gave. Danger and misfortune have fallen upon us, and I claim the promise that, un-

asked, you made; the holy Virgin grant that it may be as fresh in your memory as it is in mine. I await your answer.—INEZ." The signet was inclosed. Scarcely had De Lucenay read its contents when his friend reëntered, leading in a trembling sister of charity, beneath whose projecting hood Ernest had no difficulty in recognizing the beautiful features of Doña Inez di Miranda.

"This is indeed an unlooked-for happiness!" passionately exclaimed Alphonse, while he placed the agitated and almost fainting girl on a seat. "Since that memorable night of mingled joy and despair, I thought not that such rapture awaited me again on earth."

"Oh, talk not of joy, of happiness!" imploringly exclaimed the young girl. "I have come to you on a mission of life or death. My father—my dear, my beloved father—is a prisoner, and condemned to be shot. Oh, save him! save him!" she cried wildly, falling on her knees.—"If you have hearts, if you are human—save him! and God will reward you for it; and I shall live but to bless your names every hour of my existence." Exhausted by her emotion, she would have fallen on the ground, had not Alphonse caught her and raised her in his arms.

"Calm yourself, calm yourself, sweet child!" he whispered, soothingly: "our lives, our blood is at your service; there is nothing on earth which my friend and I would not do for you."

A declaration which De Lucenay confirmed with an energetic oath.

Somewhat tranquillized by this assurance, she at last recovered sufficiently to explain that her father was at the head of a guillera band which had been captured, having fallen into an ambushade, where they left more than half their number dead on the field. Some peasants had brought the news to the chateau, with the additional information that they were all to be shot within two days.

"In my despair," continued the young girl, "I thought of you; and, ordering the fleetest horses in the stable to be saddled, set off with two servants, determined to throw myself on your pity; and if that should fail me, to fling myself on the mercy of Heaven, and lastly to die with him, if I could not rescue him. But you will save him! will you not?" she sobbed with clasped hands—and a look so beseeching and so sorrowful, that the tears rushed involuntarily into their eyes.

"Save him! oh yes, at all costs, at all hazards! were it at the risk of our heads! But where is he? where was he taken? where conveyed to?"

"They were taken to the quarters of the general-in-chief in command, and it was he himself who signed their condemnation."

"My father!" said De Lucenay, in a tone of surprise.

"Ernest!" exclaimed his friend, "they must be those prisoners who were brought in this morning, while we were out foraging."

"No doubt, no doubt, you are right," replied De Lucenay, his countenance lighting up with pleasure. "Oh, then, all is well! I will go instantly to my father; tell him we owe our lives to you—and that will be quite sufficient. Have no fear—he is saved!"

"He is saved! He is saved!" shrieked Doña Inez. "Oh, may Heaven bless you for those words!" and with a sigh—a gasp—she fell senseless on the ground.

"Poor girl!" said De Lucenay, pityingly, "she has suffered indeed. Alphonse, I leave you to re-

suscitate her, while I hurry off to the general. There is not a moment to be lost. As soon as the grand affair is settled, I will make my father send for her. She will be better taken care of there; and besides, you know, it would not be *convenable* for her to remain here; and we must be generous as well as honorable."

"Oh, certainly—certainly! It is well you think for me; for I am so confused that I remember nothing," exclaimed Alphonse, as De Lucenay hurried away.

It was not quite so easy a task, however, as he had imagined, to bring the young girl to life again. The terror and distress she had undergone had done their worst; and the necessity for exertion past, the overstrung nerves gave way beneath the unwonted tension. One fainting-fit succeeded to another; till at last Alphonse began to be seriously alarmed. Fortunately, however, joy does not kill; and after a short while, Doña Inez was sufficiently recovered to listen with a little more attention to the protestations, vows, and oaths, which, for the last half hour, the young Frenchman had been very uselessly wasting on her insensible ears.

"And so, then, you did remember me, it seems!" said Doña Inez, after a moment's silence—while she rested her head on one hand, and abandoned the other to the passionate kisses of her lover.

"Remember you! What a word! When I can cease to remember that the sun shines, that I exist—then, perhaps, I may forget you; but not till then. Not an hour of my life, but I thought of you; at night I dreamed of you, in the day I dreamed of you; amidst the confusion of the bivouac, in the excitement of battle, in the thunder of the artillery, amidst the dead and the dying, your image rose before me. I had but one thought;—should I fall—how to convey to you the knowledge that I had died loving you—that that sprig of forget-me-not, that lock of dark hair, so often bedewed by my kisses, had rested on my heart to the last moment that it beat!" And Alphonse drew out a medallion.

Doña Inez snatched it out of his hand, and covered it with kisses. "Blessed be the holy Virgin! I have not prayed to her in vain. I, too, have thought of you, Alphonse; I, too, have dreamed of you by day, and lain awake by night to dream of you again. How have I supplicated all the saints in heaven to preserve you, to watch over you! For I, too, love you, Alphonse; deeply—passionately—devotedly—as a Spaniard loves—once, and forever!"

"*Mes amis*, I regret to part you," said De Lucenay, who reentered the tent a few moments after: "but the Conde is pardoned—all is right, and you will meet to-morrow; so let that console you!"

"Oh, you were destined to be my good angels!" cried Doña Inez, enthusiastically, as she drew the white hood over her head, and left the tent with the two friends.

Less enviable were the Conde's feelings, when at noon, on the following morning, an order from the general summoned him to his tent, to receive, as he supposed, sentence of death. Great, therefore, was his surprise, when he was ushered into the presence of three officers, in two of whom he instantly recognized his former suspicious guests;

while the third, a tall dignified-looking man, advanced towards him, and in the most courteous manner announced to him his free pardon.

As the Conde poured forth his thanks, the general interrupted him by saying, that, however happy he was at having it in his power to remit his sentence, it was not to him that the merit was due.

"To whom, then?" exclaimed the Conde in a tone of surprise.

"To one most near and dear to you," replied the general.

"Who? who?"

"You shall see." And the general made a sign to Ernest, who slipped out of the room, and in a few moments returned, leading in Doña Inez.

"And it is to thee, then, my own Inesilla, my darling, my beloved child," passionately cried the Conde, as she rushed into his arms, and hid her face upon his breast, "that I owe my life!" To describe the joy, the intense and tumultuous delight of that moment, were beyond the power of words. Even the stern, inflexible commander turned to hide an emotion he would have blushed to betray.

After waiting till the first ebullition of their joy had subsided, General De Lucenay walked up to the Conde, and shaking him cordially by the hand, congratulated him on possessing a daughter whose courage and filial devotion were even more worthy of admiration, more rare, than her far-famed beauty; "and which," he added, "even I, who have been in all countries, have never seen surpassed."

"Though not my own child, she has indeed been a blessing and a treasure to me," said the Conde; "every year of her life has she repaid to me a thousand-fold, the love and affection which I have lavished on her; and now"—

"Not your child!" exclaimed De Lucenay and Alphonse in a breath.

"No, not my child," replied the Conde. "The story is a long one, but with my generous preservers I can have no secrets. Just seventeen years ago, I was returning from a visit, by the banks of the Guadiana, with only two attendants, when I heard a faint cry from amongst the rushes on the water's edge; dismounting from our horses, we forced our way through the briars to the spot whence the sound proceeded. To our great surprise, we discovered there a little infant, which had evidently been carried down the stream, and its dress having got entangled amongst the thorns, had prevented its being swept further on. Our providential arrival saved its life; for it was drawing towards the close of evening, and the little creature, already half dead with cold and exposure, must inevitably have perished in the course of the night. In one word, we carried it to my chateau, where it grew up to be the beautiful girl you see—the sole comfort and happiness of my life."

"But her parents, did you never discover anything about them—who or what they were—the motive of so strange an abandonment?" exclaimed General De Lucenay in an agitated voice. "Was there no clue by which to trace them?"

"No, I made all inquiries but in vain. Besides, it was many miles from any habitation that we found her. I sent the following day, and made many inquiries in the neighborhood; but no one could give us any information on the subject; so, after an interval of months, I gave the point up as hopeless. One thing only is certain, that they

were not inferiors; the fineness of her dress, and a little relic encased in gold and precious stones, that she wore round her neck, were sufficient proofs of that."

"This is, indeed, most singular!" cried the general. "And do you recollect the precise date of this occurrence?"

"Recollect a day which for many years I have been in the habit of celebrating as the brightest of my life! Assuredly—it was the 14th of May—and well do I remember it."

"The 14th of May! it must be, it is, my long-lost, my long-mourned daughter!" cried the general.

"Your daughter!" exclaimed all around, in the greatest astonishment.

"Yes, my daughter," repeated the general. "You shall hear all: but first—the relic, the relic! where is it? let me see it. That would be the convincing proof indeed."

"It is easy to satisfy you," replied Inez, "for it never leaves me;" and, taking a small chain, she handed him a little filagree gold case that she wore in her bosom.

"The same! the same! these are my wife's initials on it. This is indeed a wonderful dispensation of Providence, to find a daughter after having so long mourned her as lost; and to find her all my heart could have wished, more than my most ambitious prayers could have asked! Oh, this is too much happiness! Alas!" he continued in a tone of deep feeling, while he drew the astonished and stupefied girl towards him, and, parting the dark locks on her brow, imprinted a paternal kiss upon her forehead; "would that my poor Dolores had lived to see this hour! how would it have repaid the years of sorrow and mourning your loss occasioned her!"

"But how! what is this! it is most extraordinary!" exclaimed the Conde, who had waited in speechless surprise the *dénoûment* of this unexpected scene.

The general explained. His wife had been a Spanish lady of high birth. Returning to France from a visit to her relations, they had stopped to change horses at a little *posada* on the banks of the Guadiana; their little daughter, a child of eight months old, had sprung out of its nurse's arms into the river. Every effort to recover the child was fruitless; it sank and disappeared. They returned to France, and, after a few years, his wife died. "You may judge, then, of my feelings on hearing your story, Señor Conde," concluded the general; "the name of the river and the date first roused my suspicions, which the result has so fully confirmed."

THE SAILOR PRINCE.—As Britannia happens to rule the waves, it is very desirable that we should have a somebody who is superior to the waves, for the office of ruling Britannia. It is gratifying to know, that not only is her majesty a capital sailress, but her son, the little Duke of Cornwall, is every inch—that is, every one of his 28 inches of height—a sailor. The young scion of royalty, during the recent cruise, skipped about the deck as jollily as the skipper himself, and ordered extra allowances of grog to the men, with the true spirit of British seamanship. Her majesty had evidently no idea of the extent to which the little tar—or tartlet—would enter into his new profession, for, in rigging him out for the voyage, she had only provided him with one pair of white trousers and one white waistcoat. These, of course, were very soon soiled by the activity of the royal reefer, and

CXXX. LIVING AGE. VOL. XL. 17

"My child, my child! and must I then lose thee!" cried the Conde, clasping the young girl in his arms in an agony of grief.

"Never!" passionately exclaimed Inez. "*Tuya à la vida a la muerta!*"

"Not so, Señor Conde; the man who has treated her so nobly has the best right to her," said the general. "I will never take her from you; an occasional visit is all I shall ask."

"But if you will not take her, I know who would, most willingly," said Ernest, stepping forward.

"But first, my little sister, let me congratulate you upon dropping from the clouds upon such a good-natured, good-for-nothing, excellent fellow of a brother, as myself. And now, gentlemen, I have a boon to ask—where there is so much joy, why not make all happy at once! There is an unfortunate friend of mine, who, to my certain knowledge, has been all but expiring for that fair damsel these last five months; and if for once our sweet Inez would dismiss all feminine disguise, and confess the truth, I suspect she would plead guilty to the same sin. Come, come, I will spare you," he added, as the rich blood mantled over Doña Inez's cheek—"that tell-tale blush is a sufficient answer. Then, why not make me happy!" he added, more seriously; "the Marquis de La Tour d'Auvergne, the heir of an ancient line, and a noble fortune, is in every respect a suitable alliance for either the Conde de Miranda, or General De Lucenay. Besides which, he is a very presentable young fellow, as you see, not to speak of the trifle of their being over head and ears in love with each other already."

"What say you, my child!—Bah! it is indeed so!" exclaimed the Conde, as Inez stood motionless, her dark eyes fixed on the ground, and the flush growing deeper and deeper on her cheek every minute—while Alphonse, springing forward, declared that he would think such happiness too dearly purchased with his life.

"No, no—no dying, if you please. A ghostly mate would be no very pleasant bridegroom for a young lady. What say you, general! shall we consent!"

"With all my heart."

"Hurrah! *Vive la joie!*" cried Ernest, tossing his cap into the air.

"Oh, this is too much bliss!" murmured Inez almost inaudibly.

"No dearest! may you be as happy through life as you have rendered me," said the Conde, folding her in his arms.

it was, therefore, necessary to get them washed by one of the crew, between the Prince's bedtime and the hour of mustering all hands on deck the next morning.

It is said that his royal highness has already adopted some of the phraseology peculiar to the naval service, and has once or twice expressed a desire to have his little timbers shivered. He is frequently engaged in practising the hornpipe so completely identified with the naval service of his country, and he already knows the name of every rope, spar, and brace that is required in a vessel. He sings none but naval songs, and his execution of—

"We tars have a maxim,"

is considered by all who have heard it, to be one of the finest pieces of nautical vocalization in the English language.—*Punch*.

From the United Service Journal.

SELLING OUT.

A SKETCH FROM MILITARY LIFE.

"Oh, now forever

Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars
 That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!
 Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner—and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

DEEP winter in London—miserable time for the poor! The rich have left the city—houses are shut up—the streets present a dull array of closed shutters—the shops glitter with twelfth cakes, citron, and gilded sweetmeats; they only tantalize the hungry, to whom a bit of dry bread would be even more acceptable. How dull the parks are! It is a black frost; the street-sweepers stand shivering, looking imploringly at the foot-passengers, who step across fearlessly; there are no carriages to stop their way, only a few wretched, crawling, empty omnibuses. It does not rain, but your clothes feel damp. There is a lady coming down Constitution Hill, leading two little boys; she has been to meet them at Hatchett's; they have come from school for the holidays by one of the coaches; they are very merry. See, the elder one points out the nursery windows of the palace to his brother. A nurse stands at one, with a little princess in her arms; another nurse exhibits a toy, and the baby scion of a royal race laughs and seems to shout with glee as she extends her hands and tries to seize it. The little boys laugh too, and enjoy the scene; they would fain stay and see the queen depart for Windsor. Carriages, with impatient horses, stand waiting in the quadrangle; a party of light dragoons are dashing down the park; a crowd is gathering, and the sentries drive them back from the iron railings; thereupon some of the people grumble, and ask if the railings are "made of gingerbread," and sharp words rise between the guards and the mob; the little boys still hang back, and laugh aloud at the commencement of an Irish dispute.

"Your 're no gentleman, sir," says a bricklayer to a better dressed man, with a mis-shapen hat put jauntily on.

"Arrah, did I say I *was*, now?" says the man with the jauntily air, and maintains his post in front of the bricklayer.

The lady hurries the little boys away; it is bitterly cold, her veil clings to her face, tears are gathering in her eyes; for a moment she compares the difference between the little princess and her boys: like a true woman, her thoughts are for others not for herself. She envies not the Queen of England her pomp, her glory, her *comforts*. Onward she passes, rapidly and sadly. She looks no more up at the palace windows; she is in deep thought; her children chatter and laugh with each other, but she heeds them not. What sends those tears down her faded face? What makes her step so hurried? Anxiety—suspense; she is an officer's wife. Ah! when will she cease to be anxious—when will her mind be at rest? Never, till her husband leaves the service that has made him so poor a return for the work he has given it, or till she lies in her quiet grave! But the children are glad; they are released from school for the holidays, they have a whole month of liberty before them; they anticipate great delight in meeting

their father and their little sister; they have been saving their pocket-money for "a purpose," as they told their inquisitive school-fellows, to buy a Christmas gift for little Kate.

At last they reach the lodging of their parents; the mother wipes away her tears. Their father is at home waiting for them; the vicissitudes of climate have had sad effects upon him, and the day is so damp that he dares not venture out for fear of increasing his cough. * * Evening comes; the light of day is shut out, the curtains are drawn, so to speak, upon the cold, hard world; the fire is stirred, the mother takes out her work, the little sister has romped till she is wearied out and falls asleep with her head upon her father's knee, while her tiny hand retains a patient kitten in its little grasp, and the old soldier smiles at the recital his boys give of their journey from school, and the description of their frolics there during the "half year."

Midnight!—the mother's fingers are still busy—stitch—stitch—stitch. Would that Hood could have seen her before he "turned his face to the wall," and died! Would that Dickens would take an officer's wife for his next heroine; he little knows or recks of what *she* goes through of toil, anxiety, peril, and privation!

Captain Travers muses, then talks—pauses—muses again. He consults what are the best steps to take in his present circumstances. After twenty-eight years' service he is about to reëmbark for a foreign country. How is this! The regiment to which he belongs is already in its eleventh year of service; he has done nine years' hard duty with it in a colony, where great endurance is required, and where little credit is gained; where months are passed under canvass, where the expenses are heavy, and where the privations and discomforts are beyond description. They must be *felt* to be understood. How is this! There has been a "big talk" in parliament about the relief of regiments "after ten years' foreign service." How is it, then, that Captain Travers may have to make up a period of twenty years' banishment! Nay, he *must* do so, unless he has interest to obtain some appointment at home, or means to pay his passage to England and back again, and then his case will be hard enough.

The company to which he has been lately promoted belongs unfortunately to the reserve battalion of his regiment; that regiment with which he embarked as a subaltern nearly eleven years ago. He must now either join that battalion, sell out, or retire, for he is "a soldier of fortune." Most of those who sailed with him so long ago—many, many junior to him in age and service—will return home, but his company is abroad; not a soldier, however, is in it who embarked when he did. Oh, no! the *men* have been permitted to exchange or obtain their discharges; the usual cry for "the people! the people!" has "set the members on their legs in the house," and consideration has been claimed in favor of regiments of more than ten years' service. Those in the ranks may thank parliament—officers do not reap the same benefit; at least, officers in regiments with two battalions.

Well, husband and wife are uncertain what to do for the best. Let us see the result of their consultations. I have said that Captain Travers embarked in 18—, with his regiment, being at the time a subaltern of some twenty years' service. His promotion to a company took place in England, whither he had gone on leave for the benefit of his

health. The consequence of this promotion, although in his own regiment, was that he must now return to a colony some thousands of miles distant, to remain nine or ten years longer. Alas! he had calculated, after what had been brought forward so strenuously in parliament, on being at home when his boys required care, attention, and economy in their education. *Par parenthèse*, "Who cares whether a man be married or not in the army?" ask some. "What a bore these married men with large families are!" say others. Depend upon it, the character of the British army would not be what it is, if it were placed beyond the influence of female society and example. In the deep jungles of India, in the bush of New South Wales, in the bitter snow-bound homes and clearings of America, in the solitary outposts, or in camp, on the barren plains of Southern Africa, how many resources are open to married men, and young officers admitted to their social circles. Nay, I appeal to the most selfish members of the military community, and ask them, if they have not often gladly availed themselves, after a weary march, of the cheerful and ready kindness of woman in anticipating their wants, and thinking for them of those innumerable trifles which make up the sum of human comfort.

But, oh, self! self! how we pass over the amenities of life so often met with, and how we dwell on the inconveniences, originating perhaps in ourselves, and frequently in our imagination!

But I digress. What have the Traverses decided on! She, poor thing, has gone patiently on with her work, listening to his arguments for and against remaining in the service.

"If I die, Catherine," said the care-worn soldier, "you will have but a sorry pension, and that only for your life."

Catherine Travers' tears fell fast over her homely work.

"Now, if I sell my commission, we can go and live in some quiet place, where we can put the children to school. We will manage to have a good garden, which will not only supply us with vegetables, but be a source of amusement to us both. Perhaps, too, I may obtain some civil appointment."

He sat gazing at the fire, and mused again. Again he went on.

"You know, Kate, as to taking the children abroad, it never would do. My health, too, in that uncertain climate, with its disheartening duties, would fail me; I might die, and then how could you and those poor little things get home?"

Mrs. Travers stooped for the reel of cotton she had purposely dropped, and as she did so, she brushed away the tears that would flow in spite of all her efforts.

But I need not detail all Captain Travers said. Many an old soldier who does me the honor to read these pages will call to mind similar scenes in his own life, or in that of some friend. Many an officer's wife, who has followed her husband to distant lands, or struggled with him in poverty and obscurity at home, will recognize something of her own history, her own feelings, in the picture I have drawn.

In three months, then, Captain Travers must either "sail or sell." Some delay in the relief of troops had occurred, and the regiment, or rather the first battalion of it, was not expected till summer. Captain Travers' leave extended to the period when it should disembark.

Winter is over—the trees in the parks have put forth their young and tender leaves—spring bursts upon the world in all her freshness and her bloom. The Traverses are still in London; but Captain Travers has made up his mind to sell out. So one day he set forth from his small lodging in a narrow street, and wended his way through Buckingham Gate to the Horse Guards. Talk of dingy London! what can be more lovely, more enjoyable, than St. James' Park on a bright spring day! What gay equipages roll by under the old trees between the two palaces! Those trees associated with so many recollections of royalty, of learning, of wit, and gallantry. Beautiful women, unscathed in their loveliness at this early period of the "season," gladden the eye of loitering passengers. Bright spirits dash by on splendid horses, busy people pause in admiration of the pageantry that passeth them unheeding, till Time rings out his chimes from the venerable towers of old Westminster, and the idlers hurry on.

Before Captain Travers reached the steps of the Duke of York's Column he found that the hour was past for Lord —'s levee; the officer he had expected to meet, for the purpose of making arrangements preparatory to leaving the regiment, was not on the spot, as he had anticipated; and, a little vexed at having some days yet to ponder over his plans, he turned back, and extended his walk up Constitution Hill. Although it was not yet the fashionable hour for the appearance of the *élite*, foot-passengers were lingering round the entrance to Hyde Park and Piccadilly; they had been waiting there in expectation of seeing her majesty taking her drive. How bright the day was! It seemed to poor Travers that it had an influence on all but him. Misfortune and disappointment had not yet made him sullen, but he was always depressed. He feared he should grow morose, for he "would not be comforted." Even the poor sickly woman, with the baby in her arms, at the flower-stall, looked glad. Poor creature! this fine day was reviving to her after the miseries of a bitter cruel winter! She must have rejoiced in exchanging her traffic in oranges for the prettier trade of violets. Travers contemplated the woman with an eye of interest; he sympathized with the children, who screamed to be carried by nurses who, in their turn, paid no attention to their charges. He was glad to find that he was not rendered wholly selfish by disappointment and anxiety. While he was examining himself there was a cry of "The queen! the queen!" It was not Victoria, but the queen dowager. Her majesty rode on amid the demonstrations of earnest respect that always meet her in her path. Still the people kept their patient stand, waiting for their young and reigning sovereign.

Suddenly there was a rush of people from the opposite side; foot-passengers darted across Piccadilly, regardless of coming omnibuses, stage-coaches, mail-carts, post-boys, drays, cabs, and reckless equestrians. Then some of the latter reined in their horses, and lifted their hats from their heads.

Talk of royal progresses—"The duke's" progress from his own residence to the House of Lords, is worth all the processions in the world, royal, loyal, or disloyal. Neither pomp nor show proclaim his coming, and yet one is not sure of one's life in the rush of the multitude who follow in his wake. Plain uninitiated country-people pause, and gaze, and wonder what can cause the

stir and hum around them, till the cry of "The duke! the duke!" enlightens them. They know there is but one duke in the world—nay, but one man—who could cause such a sensation. The duke, the iron duke—*our* duke!

"There goes the old duke, God bless him!" said a man of the working class near Captain Travers.

"Where? where?" exclaimed eager voices; and lo, the pale face of the aged warrior met the gaze of Travers; who had last seen him when Travers was a lad—"one of those lucky boys who had been just in time for Waterloo."

Something of the spirit of other days revived in the breast of the climate-worn soldier. But the nature of the service to which he belonged was changed; and at this moment the officer who was to purchase his commission made his appearance. On the one hand now was toil, sickness, probably death, in a far and foreign country, but no glory. On the other, at least, peace, though accompanied with poverty. Soon the bargain was definitively struck, the necessary arrangements made, and the two officers, arm in arm, followed in the progress of the duke.*

And now the young queen's coming was made manifest by the cracking of the outriders' whips, the prancing of equestrian horses, and the loud calls of policemen, bidding the people keep back. But many of those who had come to admire and offer the homage of a bow to her majesty of England, forsook the posts they had had such difficulty in maintaining, to follow the duke. There was a great cloud of dust as queen and prince and a glittering cavalcade came by, a deal of running to get out of the way, a fall or two of some heedless individuals from the trees, a fight here and there, a chorus of oaths from the policemen, and the young queen and her handsome husband were out of sight. Even Queen Victoria turned her pretty head and smiled upon her godfather; the crowd forsook the sight of her gay pageant, still following the duke; and as he passed aged men stood before him bareheaded; children were lifted by their fathers that they might look upon the pale, calm countenance of that great warrior, and ladies, careering along on high-mettled but well-trained palfreys, stooped from their saddles, asking anxiously "which way the duke had gone," and then cantered after him at a gentle pace; and pedestrians hurried past the palace-gates, and through the beautiful enclosure, to meet him at Storey's Gate. Unexcited, apparently unmoved by the sensation he created, the old warrior rode slowly and quietly on, now raising his hat, and smiling as he recognized in some coroneted carriage the face of some fair acquaintance, and now touching his hat with his forefinger, in answer to a reverend salute from some passer-by. In vain the nurses at the palace-windows dandled the princess royal for the gratification of the public; the children who had been carried there by parents and attendants had been hurried off in the wake of the duke.

"Papa," said a little boy, "how glad mamma will be to hear I have seen the duke."

"How well our duke looks!" observed a mechanic to his co-mate, as the two stood watching him till he was out of sight.

* I remember reading a description of the duke's progress in some paper, long after I had noted down the above in my journal. My description is from life; I wrote it on the evening of a day when I had seen what I have endeavored to describe.

"God bless him! Yes, he do look uncommon well," replied the other.

Near them stood two or three nursery-maids striving to quiet a child, who was screaming, and kicking, and protesting he "*would* see the duke of Wellington;" and an aged woman, evidently from the country, hobbled along as well as she could towards the Birdcage Walk by a short cut.

Travers and his companion met her as they strolled along the margin of the basin in the enclosure. She was muttering to herself, with a low chuckling laugh, "Well, I have seen the duke at last; I was afraid I never should afore I died."

A young officer of their acquaintance came up. "Which way has the duke gone?" said he, anxiously. "I am going to embark for Jamaica this week; how unlucky I am! I have never seen him; I think I would give my youth to have fought a battle under him."

Captain Travers sighed; not because peace reigned, and there would be no more such battles as the only one in which he had fought, but that, after his long services, he should be on the eve of leaving it so shattered, so poor, so unrequited.

"Ah," thought he, "if the duke only knew my story." (So have thought many, many others!)

"We shall never have another Waterloo," said his military friend.

"God forbid!" replied Travers. "Who could take Wellington's place?"

Behold Travers then, a retired captain of infantry, living in a cottage on the outskirts of a country town. He was a fisherman—a trout-stream ran at the foot of his garden. His wife was a florist; they had set to work hand in hand to clear and beautify the unowned grass plat in front of the house. Travers had often amused himself with his turning-lathe when with his regiment: he would make such pretty useful things with the various woods he had collected abroad. He drew exquisitely; he would ornament the little drawing-room with sketches of the beautiful country around. His boys should have the benefit of the grammar-school in the morning; the afternoons should be devoted to them. He had a set of carpenter's tools: he would make a little carriage for Katy, an inlaid chair for her, a cabinet for his wife's shells. He had plenty of occupation. They should have such pleasure too in being economical, for the route would never come and swallow up all her savings. Their garden would furnish them with fruit and vegetables; they had two cows and some sheep, for which the rector of the parish had offered them pasturage. They would be able to put by something every year. Travers had no more zeal for the service that had used him ill. Oh no! it was much better to be settled instead of "vagabondizing."

They set their house in order in a short time; they made their appearance at church; and it was intimated to them that their neighbors would soon "do themselves the pleasure of calling on them." The first sight of civilian visitors sent Travers through a low window into the garden. His wife found him there an hour afterwards. He was lying musing on the grass, but smiled as she put Katy into his arms. She brought him his fishing-tackle. The afternoon was fine but cloudy—just

the day for fishing—and there was a nice dish of pink and white trout for supper; they kept patriarchal hours for the sake of the children. Travers was delighted the next morning to find it still cloudy: he would just turn one leg of the shell cabinet, and then fish till dinner-time. Mrs. Travers put by her work at one o'clock, and went down to the trout-stream. The rod lay neglected by her husband's side, and a piece of old newspaper, in which some of the fishing-tackle had been wrapped occupied his attention so deeply, that he did not hear her footstep on the path. She looked over his shoulder: the scrap of paper contained part of an account of a review of his old corps. Travers looked up and tried to laugh; but after dinner Mrs. Travers saw him searching the box in which the fishing-tackle had been kept, and draw from thence the rest of the newspaper which had so engrossed his thoughts at the trout-stream. Catherine felt disturbed, but she said nothing. After tea they strolled into the town; Travers led the way to the public library, and wrote his name down as a subscriber. "We ought to see the newspapers," said he; "we shall become perfect savages, if we know nothing of what is going on in the world."

Alas! the old soldier, in spite of his pleasant home, his lovely children, his devoted wife, could not find rest. Since he had been in N—shire he had not seen a red jacket, nor heard the sound of drum or bugle, but every morning found him at the library. The trout-stream sang its way unheeded past the garden; little Kate begged her brothers to finish her carriage; Mrs. Travers gave her boys their drawing lesson or read old tales of chivalry and history with them, when they were at home; but her husband grew daily more dejected. He evidently struggled hard with his feelings, but winter was coming on and his cough kept him confined much to the house. He went to work bravely with the little carriage, and tried to teach his boys arithmetic, but the evenings found him lying on the sofa, fretting at being idle, fidgetting about the apothecary's bill, and declaring that "old Crawford," the surgeon of his old regiment, could have restored him. Mrs. Travers sat as usual, stitch—stitch—stitch, long after the children had gone to bed. Her mind was sad and bewildered; she could only trust in Providence, and hope that everything would be ordered "as would be most expedient for them."

In the spring time Travers revived in health, but his occupation was gone, and he was as dejected as ever. He had a little room at the top of the house, commanding a lovely view of the country and the bridge over the trout-stream, leading to the town: he would spend hours there. At first his wife would take her work there and sit with him, but she always observed that on her entrance he put something away in the table-drawer before him. She discovered at last that the interest he felt in the service was as deep as ever; he had taken to study some new system of drill, practising the various manoeuvres with miniature soldiers in the uniforms of different regiments and countries. She did not allude to her discovery, but used every means in her power to amuse his mind. He had met with some old military friends in the neighborhood: the talking over gone-by scenes and the merry days of youth always made him more silent and dejected when left with only his family. His health began to fail; he was a perfect shadow; still he never complained, but praised his wife for her

economy, spoke with an honest pride of his children, giving Catherine all the credit, and at times drew, made picture-frames, and embellished his cottage with many works of ingenuity. Often too he would remark, "What a conqueror that man was who could overcome himself!" At times Mrs. Travers flattered herself that her husband was becoming more reconciled to his position. Still he would not enter into society, or walk, except to the library with one or two old friends, beyond the confines of his garden; neither did he spend so much time in his attic retreat; he was there, however, every morning, and had his box of tools and drawing implements with him. So his wife sighed over her work, but hoped for the best.

One morning her two boys dashed in from school earlier than usual; "Mamma," exclaimed Charles, almost breathless, "mamma, we have all got a holiday; there is a regiment coming through; it will cross the bridge; oh, mamma, may we go and see it; old Thomas will take care of us!"

She gave them a hasty permission, provided the gardener (an old discharged soldier) would escort them, and hurried with a light step to her husband's sanctum. She paused a moment at the door, for her heart beat; at last she summoned courage and went in.

Captain Travers was taking a sketch from the window; she felt sad for the first time at the sight of his cheerful countenance. He looked satisfied with himself and his performance. As calmly as she could she told him that a regiment was approaching. She dreaded the sound of the band, the stir it would cause, the memories it would call up, but she did not let him know the extent of her dread.

He laughed at her fears, but to her the laugh looked like a convulsion; he called her to his side, and bid her admire the sketch he had nearly finished. "I just wanted something to give life to the picture, Kate," said he; "troops passing will be the very thing. Now, go to little Kate; I hear her waking out of her sleep; go, my love, and by and by you shall admire my sketch."

Reassured by his cheerful tone, and feeling he did not like, as it were, to be watched, under such circumstances, she obeyed. One last look she would give, ere she closed the door. Travers smiled, shook his pencil at her, and she departed.

A cloud of dust proclaimed the approach of troops; the bridge was crowded with spectators, for the sight was an unusual one in that retired nook of England. The enamelled banks of the river were thronged with men, women, and children; the opposite meadows rang with their excited voices. The drum was first heard, then the bayonets glittered in the morning sunshine; a gay air from sweet instruments came distinctly over the water. Mrs. Travers held little Katy up at the open window; the child looked wonderingly at the tears that trickled down her mother's faded face; the little thing tried to kiss them away. She could not understand sadness, happy child, while that pleasant and stirring strain of martial music came across the water. She shouted with glee as the troops crossed the bridge, some three hundred yards from the house.

They passed by, all that martial pomp went on, and still Mrs. Travers stood, weeping bitterly, at the window. Silent now and deserted were the opposite meadows, and the ripple of the river was all the sound save the sighing of the trees that rose upon the summer air. Little Kate sat down on a stool, and looked up in her mother's face wonder-

ingly. Her brothers' voices sounded up the staircase; they came to the room to tell their mother the regiment was the —th, their father's old corps. Thomas had told them so, and he had gone up the street to welcome his former comrades. "He knew the queen's color at once, mamma," said Charles, "and that was Captain L—— at the head of papa's old company."

Mrs. Travers left Katy with her brothers, and ventured to the attic. Again she paused, with her hand upon the door; she knew Captain Travers could not see the colors, from which he had so reluctantly parted, without a bitter feeling of regret. She summoned up her resolution, and determined to reason with him, hoping, too, that the sight of old friends' faces would cheer him, and that he would be all the better for this little break in their calm existence——

She hoped, and yet she dreaded. She opened

the door, and entered. Travers sat with his back to her, leaning on the window-sill, his head resting against the shutter. She spoke to him; he answered her not; she approached him, his eyes were open, fixed on vacancy. Oh, God! that dreadful stare! He was dead.

So, gazing on his former comrades, old memories had opened the wounds in the soldier's heart. Not for him rang out the shouts of welcome; he had no part in that stirring pageant; he was no longer one of that joyous band; he had deserted his colors. So he had been heard to speak. Mrs. Travers, in her agony, called to mind his having said, "It would break my heart to see my old regiment again." Yes, the spasm of anguish caused by the sight of those colors, that uniform, that well-remembered quick step, *had* broken his heart. And there, still warm, still life-like, but with a convulsive smile upon the pale lips, he sat dead—quite dead!

NEW CLANS IN THE HIGHLANDS.—Owing to the rapid conversion of the greater portion of the Scottish Highlands into pastures, a remarkable change is taking place among the inhabitants of those regions, consisting in the introduction of an entirely new description of clans, which threaten altogether to supersede the Aborigines. Of these we may mention the Clan-Lamb and the Clan Wether, which, with the Clan-Ewe, occupy considerable tracts of country, whence they have quite expelled the original inhabitants. The Clan-Leicestershire is daily extending itself among the hills, and the Clan-Southdown is fast replacing the mountaineers of the north. The Mac-Gregors and Mac-Alpines are quickly disappearing before the Merinos and Mac-Rams, and the craigs that once echoed to the strains of the bagpipe resound now only to the tinkling of the sheep-bell. The chiefs of these new clans are great dukes and noblemen, whose influence enables them to hold their own; or rather what, properly speaking, is not their own, being, in fact, the birth-right of the Gaël. The worst of the matter is, that these flocks of intruders eat up everything on the face of the country, and poor Donald, ousted from home, wanders on the hill-side with nothing to live upon.—*Punch*.

THE American Journal of Insanity has contributed some extremely interesting "Remarks on Homicidal Impulse, with a case." It is from the pen of Dr. Samuel Woodward, superintendent of the State Lunatic Hospital, Worcester, Massachusetts. We extract the case; it carries its own commentary:—

"CASE OF HOMICIDAL IMPULSE.

"On the 8th of January, 1845, I was consulted by G. E., twenty-five years of age, in apparent good health, of good personal appearance, good habits, manners, and character. Before he called on me himself, his father stated to me, that he had for a few days been unhappy, from an apprehension that he should injure some of the family; that this impression preyed upon his mind, depressed his spirits, and rendered him unfit for labor. I did not learn from the father that he was apprehensive of any danger from this condition of the son, or that he was informed of the extent of the evil that

preyed upon his mind; he only requested my advice for him as a physician. The young man soon called, and in a private interview gave me the following history of his own case:—

He was quite well and cheerful till September, 1843, when he lost the brother above alluded to, which made him sober and pensive, but it was not followed immediately by any peculiar feelings. In the course of the winter he became affected with this extraordinary desire to *kill*. Frequently, in the course of the day, this feeling was excited, by the presence of his own family friends, to such a degree as to make him shudder at their danger and his own strange and unnatural propensity. He had no antipathy toward any of them; on the contrary, he had all the affection of a son and a brother. Although this desire to kill haunted him perpetually for some weeks, he cautiously concealed it from his friends, and that so successfully, that they had no mistrust of his feelings, or apprehension of danger. As the warm weather approached, and he began to labor out of doors, the propensity gradually subsided, and left him entirely before summer. Early in the winter of 1844-5, the young man formed a partnership with a brother-in-law, to carry on the shoe business in a neighboring town, and they commenced operations about two weeks before he consulted me, on the 8th of January. Almost immediately after commencing this labor in the shop, with his brother, this impulse was re-excited, and he felt an irresistible desire to *KILL HIM*. So strongly was this feeling excited, many times a day, that he felt compelled to leave his work, and quit the room frequently, believing, as he now does, that he should have killed him, if he had not thus abruptly torn himself away. After struggling many days with this dreadful propensity, he left his work without giving notice to his brother, and returned to his father's house, where he now remains, the victim of the same wretched feelings, and he insists that he shall kill somebody if not speedily cured. I prescribed some remedies, and a course of diet and regimen for him, and recommended him to call on me again, if he did not soon get better. Not having heard from him since, I hope that the dreadful impulse has again passed from his mind."

—*Critic*.

From the Critic.

Les Vases Sacres.—PAR ELIE BERTHET. 1846.

THIS is one among the most pleasing and graphic of Elie Berthet's little tales. They are never wanting in interest, though often in power; the characters are naturally drawn, and represented with much truth and feeling; there is about them, also, a tone of simplicity and earnest faith which cannot fail to impress their readers. The plots are generally frail to an intangible degree, merely sufficient to hang together a few traits of character and individuality, but not for that reason vapid or dispiriting. This tale simply turns upon the loss of the sacred vessels, committed during the tumults of the revolution to the care of the curé, which afterwards make their appearance when least expected by those most interested in them. The period is 1802; that epoch when France began to breathe once more, after the horrors of proscription; when the conquests of Bonaparte, while giving security without, produced well being within. It was possible to laugh and sing without becoming henceforth an object of suspicion and distrust; it was possible now to hazard an epigram on public affairs, without running the chance of being denounced as an aristocrat. At the same time, things bore painful evidence that the reign of terror had not long been distant. The scene selected for the opening of the story is the court-yard of a large farm in Normandy, where the villagers of St. Clair, a hamlet at some little distance from Mortagne, are assembled to celebrate the betrothal of Jeannette Fleuriot and Antoine Denis. The humble tower of the church, situated at some little distance, was half demolished, while the once clear-toned bell had been melted for cannon. The church itself offered one image of desolation—broken windows, damaged roof, the sanctuary appropriated as a stable. The presbytery had been razed to the ground; nothing remained of it but some scattered ruins covered with vegetation, while the cemetery bore unquestionable traces of the hand of profanation; no cross was standing, no sign remained to mark the abode of another generation. On the other hand, as if to denote the reign of other emblems, however transitory, there stood in the centre a withered tree broken in two; it was the tree of liberty, round which the patriots of the neighborhood had but a few years before danced the carmagnole with all heart and soul. To give an idea of the state of village politics, it will be necessary to spend a few words on two persons important in the drama, and important in themselves. Pierre Fleuriot, the master of the farm where all were at present collected, might be regarded, for the sake of definition, as the head of the aristocratic and religious part of the community. Previous to the revolution he had been the sacristain and factotum of the Abbé Duval, the last curé of the village. We quote a few words:—

"When the curé had been compelled to flee to save his life, Pierre had been in a condition of extreme poverty. This apparent misery had, however, been the means of saving him from the first effects of republican excitement; the ex-sacristain was suffered to remain undisturbed, the more so as he was naturally of a gentle, inoffensive character, of a nature, too, rather to disarm the malevolence of his neighbors than excite it. He vegetated thus obscurely at Saint Clair, when he learned that one of his brothers had died, leaving four orphan children, without bread and without shelter. What

could an unhappy laborer, like Pierre Fleuriot, do towards maintaining a family of four children! Nevertheless, to the great astonishment of the village, he manifested resources which, to everybody around, had previously been utterly unknown and unsuspected. It was evident that he must have made savings to which he could apply in times of emergency, for he took the lease of a farm at Saint Clair, gathered together the family of his deceased brother, and appeared to have made a new step in the world. From this moment, notwithstanding the burdens Pierre had imposed upon himself, he was never behind-hand in the discharge of his rent; without being exactly rich, he seemed to enjoy a certain degree of ease, and, what contributed mainly to the popular estimation in which he was held, no wanderer or beggar ever presented himself at his gate, for hospitality or refreshment, without being received with the utmost kindness and liberality. This charitable conduct, more than aught else, contributed to the reputation of Fleuriot, as a man of piety, devoted to the ancient order of things. Naturally prudent, he had ever been particularly guarded in the manifestation of his opinions, more especially during the revolutionary crisis. Lately, however, feeling the influence of returning security, he had been less reserved in the expression of his regrets upon the past state of things in general. It was said, indeed, that he still wore a chaplet, and that he signed himself whenever he passed the ruined church; but, spite of all this, Maitre Fleuriot was loved and esteemed throughout his neighborhood—feelings that on all hands he seemed well to deserve.

"The head of the movement party at Saint Clair was the schoolmaster of the village, an old and envious pedant, not without a considerable touch of that *finesse* which is the bane of the Norman character. Notwithstanding the exaggeration of his political ideas, Denis, so he was called, could not be accused of having taken any serious part in the devastations committed by the patriots of Saint Clair and its environs; at the utmost he had suffered things to go their own way; he was too cautious to compromise himself by anything like independence; his energies lay much more in words than in deeds. Nevertheless, he had filled the office of municipal councillor under the Convention and the Directory; and if, during the exercise of his charge, he had not positively done ill to anybody, he could at least take credit to himself for having frightened half the world out of their wits. Two men, such as Pierre Fleuriot and Denis, could hardly have much in common, and, in truth, they long remained enemies; but what cannot interest effect, in opposition to passion and opinion! The farmer had a young niece, pretty and lively, for whom a husband had to be provided; Denis had a great booby of a son, whom it was necessary to settle in the world. The farmer had the repute of being well to do in the world. Denis owned a little store of money, gathered together under that regime against which he so incessantly declaimed; the father and the uncle understood one another, and agreed. On their side, the young people asked no more, for young Denis discovered Mdlle. Fleuriot very suitable, and Mdlle. Fleuriot became red as a rose when young Denis said a word to her; a treaty of alliance seemed quite possible between the two families, and it was to celebrate the betrothal of Jeannette Fleuriot and Antoine Denis, that the cider flowed so freely at the farm of Saint Clair.

"The old sacristain was the hero of the assembly; seated at the end of the table, the purest delight beamed all over his countenance, mingled with a certain dignity, such as the occasion might be expected to call forth. He was a vigorous looking countryman, past his fifty years, with regular features, and fresh complexion, and in particular characterized by an expression of genuine frankness. He wore the antique Norman costume; spoke but little; and listened with very equivocal deference to the pedantic Denis, who, seated by his side, harangued gravely upon the nature of things in general. Denis was a man of sixty, with a broad red nose, copper-colored face, and figure distinguished chiefly by its decided corpulence; his commonplace voice and manner contradicted the grandeur of his accent and the portentous emphasis of his words."

The festivities proceed with perfect harmony, until the conversation turns upon the probabilities of the return of the Abbé Duval to his former curé; the general opinion is that he is dead, and while some, in particular Fleuriot, remember him as the best and kindest of men, and benefactor to all, Denis spends his eloquence in vituperating him; Fleuriot, who had been decidedly attached to the Abbé, cannot endure these slanders, and calls upon Denis to prove his words.

"Answer me one question, Maître Fleuriot," replied Denis, "one question only. What became of the vessels of gold and silver, given by the Seigneurs of Baussage to the church of St. Clair? They were enclosed in the iron box in the sacristy. What did your excellent curé do with this treasure when he emigrated? Now answer that, if you can!"

"Fleuriot appeared much moved, almost agitated at this question, and without uttering a word fell back upon the bench he had just left. The old Catherine spoke for him. 'Well,' said she, 'were not those holy ornaments stolen, and carried away by the wretches who pillaged our poor church!'

"No such thing!" urged Denis. "I must declare to you all, that they found nothing; I had the curiosity to slip into the church with the patriots when they invaded that old wreck of superstition, and I pointed out to them the chest where the treasure was kept. My honesty, my patriotism are well known, and therefore this action cannot be imputed to a bad motive; I wished simply that this gold and silver might be made of some use to the poor, and for those who were fighting on the frontier for the cause of liberty. Well! when after listening to my advice, the chest had been broken open, there was nothing to be seen, absolutely nothing—everything had disappeared. I know perfectly well what there should have been; what with one thing and the other, there ought to have been between ten and twelve thousand livres of treasure."

"The farmer still remained silent.

"What then," cried Catherine, "did you expect that M. le Curé would suffer all those precious things to be profaned by you and the like of you? When he emigrated, of course he must have put them away somewhere that he might find them again when the times became quiet once more."

"If he put them anywhere," answered the schoolmaster with a sneer, "it was in his own portmanteau, and at Paris he changed them into good louis d'ors!"

"No such thing—on my oath it's no such thing," cried the old woman with energy; "Maître

Fleuriot was there when M. le Curé went away, and he could swear that when he left the presbytery he took nothing with him but his breviary and his cloak! That was all his baggage. He sell the sacred vessels belonging to the church! Holy Virgin protect us! Do you know what crime it would be—what a shocking crime! Why, it would be a sacrilege!"

"Well then, what has become of them? I ask," persisted Denis; "they can't have stolen themselves."

"Eh! Good heavens! M. le Curé of course found some means or other of putting them out of the way; what do I know! But, Pierre," continued the good woman warmly, "you say nothing; surely you won't let any one think M. le Curé could have ever done such a thing!"

"Whoever affirms such a thing, is mistaken," answered the farmer coldly. "I believe, on the contrary, that M. le Curé, some time before he went away, concealed the treasures somewhere or other—but I don't know—no one knows. At all events, M. le Curé never carried them away; that I declare, on my oath."

"This gold and silver must be somewhere, that's quite clear," answered Denis, while his eyes literally sparkled with pleasure; "it would be something to find now!"

"You need n't look, for you'll find nothing," interrupted Fleuriot, as if devising that the schoolmaster contemplated making active research; "M. le Curé of course selected some spot that would not easily be discovered."

"Ah, but it's worth taking some little trouble; I don't speak for myself. If I had the good fortune to meet with anything of the kind, I should make it a matter of conscience to restore it at once to the parish, for the parish is full of poor; do what one will, there are plenty of them. So, Maître Fleuriot, if you have the faintest suspicion where this *ci-devant* curé may have deposited these precious treasures, you would act like a good citizen in informing the authorities, and they would order proper search to be made; or rather," continued he, lowering his voice, "if you do not choose to take everybody into your confidence, you might impart what you know to some one, whose honor and disinterestedness cannot be questioned; to some one who——"

"Fleuriot turned sharply round—"Once for all," said he, impatiently, "I know nothing. If the Abbé Duval has buried the sacred vessels anywhere under ground, he only knows the place; and as he is most probably dead, the treasure is lost forever; so it's useless to think any more about it." Fleuriot spoke without his usual self-confidence; he dropped his eyes, the drops stood on his brow, and he carried his glass to his lips every moment, the better to conceal his agitation. The other spectators of the dispute attributed this embarrassment of the sacristain to some sentiments of shame at the remembrance of his former humble condition; but the schoolmaster, more cunning, believed it to be the anxiety of an honest man, who, not being able to forge a falsehood, was compelled to deny the truth outright."

This discussion, which gradually increases in warmth and energy, is opportunely interrupted by the arrival of a remarkable looking person, who is discovered to be no less an individual than the former curé, the Abbé Duval, concerning whom so much had just been said. Fleuriot naturally receives him with consternation, and listens eagerly

to his absence
refuge
Denis,
the first
coming
The cur
the kin
the vill
to the
substant
Abbé
errone
ination
influen
that af
power
Denis,
too mu
the pr
other
It w
comes
young
dower
or how
the vi
is ag
sacred
rather
and K
in th
depo
"migh
Clair
taking
weat
gath
flash
but t
light
pede
them
sear
the
Mis
with
this
sy;
mig
arou
insi
nig
wor
leas
wh
anc
not
ax
ha
to
inc
wi
dis
an
th
ste
fa
sa
vi
go
be

to his account of all he suffered during his long absence, his residence in the prison at Nantes, his refuge in England, and his final return home. Denis, ever a sincere enemy to the Abbé, seizes the first opportunity of referring his charge concerning the sacred vessels directly to the accused. The curé, little inclined to discuss any matter of the kind, takes refuge in Fleuriot's house, while the villagers assemble in crowds without, listening to the incitements of Denis, who urges them to submit in no one point to his authority, until the Abbé proves to them that his suspicions are totally erroneous. Fleuriot overhears his malicious machinations, and a quarrel ensues between these two influential characters, in which Fleuriot declares that after what has occurred it will be out of his power to dower his niece as he had proposed, and Denis, dismayed and astonished as he may be, has too much self-love to concede, ends the matter for the present, by the one bearing off the son, the other the despairing Jeannette.

It were out of place to repeat how the curé becomes interested in the fate of the unfortunate young lovers, and promises at his own charge to dower Jeannette, and render them happy for life, or how he appeases the acrimony and violence of the villagers, by declaring that the day the church is again opened for public worship, that day the sacred vessels should be forthcoming. We will rather make another extract, describing the curé and Fleuriot on their way to search for the treasure in the spot where, years since, they alone had deposited it.

"A little after the setting of the sun, two men might have been seen leaving the village of St. Clair, plunging into the closest bye-paths, and taking every precaution to avoid observation. The weather was stormy, and dark heavy clouds were gathering together on the horizon. Noiseless flashes of lightning showed themselves at intervals, but they were too distant to cast even a gleam of light on the narrow hidden road selected by the pedestrians. Our readers have already divined them to be Fleuriot and the curé, bent upon their search for the sacred vessels concealed by them in the neighborhood more than ten years before. Mistrusting certain of his parishioners, and not without reason, the Abbé Duval had desired that this business might be executed in profound secrecy; the possession of a treasure of this nature might excite the cupidity of some of the people around. To avoid everything of the kind, he had insisted their search should be made during the night, and without any extraneous aid. The worthy priest seemed to walk with difficulty, though learning on his cane; Pierre, on the contrary, whether from preoccupation or from better acquaintance with the locality, advanced at a rapid pace, notwithstanding the weight of an enormous pickaxe which he bore on his shoulder. His companion had evident difficulty in following him, and called to him frequently to slacken his speed; he obeyed, indeed, but, as if necessity was stronger than his will, in a moment he resumed his precipitate and disordered pace. Before long they left the road and directed their steps across the fields towards the most deserted part of the country. The Abbé stopped short, and wiped the perspiration from his face. 'Let me breathe a little, my good Fleuriot,' said he, panting; 'my legs are not as young and vigorous as yours, and I have walked already a good deal to-day; besides, we have no danger of being perceived, now that we have left the road;

and the storm, too, will drive everybody home.' The farmer turned back, and while the curé rested awhile, murmured in a low voice, 'Yes, it will be a bad night. Well, M. le Curé, could we not have chosen another moment for our business? The weather is very threatening, and you seem quite fatigued; perhaps we had better turn back and go home again.' 'No, no; it is now well known in the country that these gold and silver ornaments are concealed in this direction; we shall have the peasants hunting about on all sides, and if they should chance to discover the spot, they would not hesitate a moment before any dread of committing a sacrilege. Few men, my good Fleuriot, are as honest and pious as you are; but come, let us go on; I feel better already, and there is much to be done to-night.' 'Wait one moment, Monsieur; think a moment; you are really worn out with exertion; you will never be able to walk as far as La Butte-aut-Cailles.' 'It is nothing, nothing; I shall be very well able to do it. Give me your arm, it will help me.' The farmer, seeing his determination, uttered a low groan; he offered, however, no resistance, but altering the position of his pickaxe, he offered his right arm to his companion. Thus they walked on for some moments in silence, until the Abbé exclaimed, 'What is the matter with you, Fleuriot! You almost tremble; are you tired?' 'Oh, it's nothing, only this dreadful heat!' So saying, he pressed the arm of the curé to his side. 'Once more!' cried the priest, 'what is this? It feels like a pistol!' The ex-sacristain drew from his pocket, in fact, one of those little pistols used by the country people, and with a smile showed the curé it was loaded. 'Good heaven!' exclaimed he, 'what are you going to do with that! whom do you intend to use it against, unless against me?' 'Against you!' echoed Fleuriot, shuddering; 'rather than that against myself.' 'What does that mean?' inquired the curé; 'what do you mean to do with the pistol? I wish to know.' Here the farmer seemed to recover himself; he forced a smile, and answered, 'Why, you know, M. le Curé, it is prudent sometimes to be armed when one undertakes a business like ours. We might have been followed, you know; what should we have done then?' 'Very true,' replied the Abbé, 'it is quite right to take proper precautions. Nevertheless, my good Fleuriot, I must beg of you to leave that weapon in your pocket. However precious these sacred vessels may appear in my eyes, and those of every good Christian, they are not worth the life of a human being. I would rather hear they had been altogether destroyed, than stained with the blood of any man.' 'Is it possible?' cried Fleuriot; 'would you, indeed, rather have the life of a sinner, of a miserable wretch, than—' 'The life of a man belongs to God. All the metals in the world are not worth one drop of blood. Again, Fleuriot, I must entreat of you not to be carried away in any moment of anger or precipitation, and under no circumstances to make use of this weapon at all. Will you promise me this?' 'Yes—yes,' answered the farmer, leaving an interval between each word he uttered; 'but then,' added he in a low tone, 'what will become of me!'

The difficulties in the way of their progress across the fields put a stop for some moments to the conversation. The poor Abbé meanwhile sinking with fatigue, but restraining all expression of his weariness, Fleuriot sustained and supported him whenever it was necessary; more than once, on

perceiving all they had to encounter, an avowal was upon his lips, which would have spared them further trouble; but an irresistible power held him back, while, thanks to the increasing darkness, the agitation and painful hesitation portrayed in his countenance remained unseen. They walk on across the silent and deserted country; not a sound is to be heard on any side. Once only, passing by a close thicket, they fancied they heard heavy steps on the other side; but as the noise ceased immediately, they went on their way without heeding it.

"We are near the Buttes-aux-Cailles, Monsieur, and that great tree that rises down there is the dark pine." In fact, at the extremity of the herbage they were at this moment crossing, a mass of trees could be distinguished, which appeared to belong to a wood of some importance. On the left hand rose a little hillock, resembling those Gaulic tumuli found in certain provinces, if, indeed, it were not itself one of those memorials of the past. At the foot of the Buttes-aux-Cailles stood a huge fir-tree, with its dark foliage and clear and erect form rising majestically as a pyramid against the sky. They were at some distance from the spot designated, when all at once a singular noise was heard among the bushes near the Buttes-aux-Cailles. "Who is there?" asked the curé, in a loud voice. There was no answer; but a dark shadow passed rapidly before them, and, plunging into the neighboring forest, disappeared almost immediately among the thickets. "That is strange, indeed!" exclaimed the Abbé Duval, thoughtfully. "Would any one have expected to meet a soul at this hour, in this deserted spot?" "It is the devil! M. le Curé—it is the devil!" urged the farmer, in a voice of terror, while he carefully signed himself. "The devil in a consecrated spot!—You do not think what you're saying, my good Pierre. It is rather some poacher or wood-stealer, who takes us for the field-keepers, and naturally runs away as fast as possible. Nevertheless, let us see what is the matter; I begin to have serious suspicions—I feel really anxious and alarmed." Scarcely, however, had they advanced a few steps further, when they stumbled against a heap of newly turned up earth. "Our secret is betrayed! they have forestalled us!" cried out the Abbé, in the utmost consternation.

To Fleuriot, who better than anybody knew what was to be expected, it was equally an astonishment and relief to find the chest gone. But who was the culprit?

"Do you suspect no one, Maitre Fleuriot?" "Heaven guard me from judging hastily of any man," said the farmer, reservedly; "do not question me; I might only accuse an innocent person." The good curé, without doubt, shared his scruples, for he reflected a moment before deciding in his own mind as to the objects of due suspicion, among the inhabitants of the village. While he stood thus, with his eyes fixed on the ground, he observed a shining object at his feet, and he stooped quickly to pick it up; it was a pair of silver spectacles, most probably left there by the unknown laborer at the moment of his precipitate flight. "Do you know this?" inquired the Abbé. "Monsieur le Curé," answered the farmer, "you know, as well as I do, on whose nose those spectacles are generally seen." "They belong to Denis, the schoolmaster. He only, in all the parish, wears any like them."

While thus discussing the various probabilities

of Denis' guilt in the sacrilege, Fleuriot is a prey to many contending emotions, none of which are accountable to the curé; but his investigations are disturbed by the sound of groans near and clear, followed by cries for help.

"It is the voice of Denis," said the curé, suddenly startled; "make haste; some accident has happened to him." So saying, the Abbé, followed by Fleuriot, directed their steps towards the spot whence the sounds seemed to proceed. Arrived at the skirts of the forest, they discovered a man extended full length, beside a ditch, apparently unable to stir hand or foot; by the voice as well as the figure he was instantly ascertained to be no other than the schoolmaster, Denis. "Unhappy wretch!" exclaimed the curé, running up to him, "what is the matter with you? what are you doing here?"—"I have lost myself in the dark," answered he, with a groan; "and, besides that, I have always had a dread of thunder and lightning; I tried to leap this ditch, and then I fell, and—and—I think I have broken my leg!" "Is it possible! Then, if it be so, Denis, it is the punishment of Heaven upon you for the theft you have committed." "So I thought a moment ago! But is it really! Have I brought down the vengeance of Heaven upon me, because I seized upon that wretched chest?" "What, you acknowledge it, then!" asked the Abbé. "I cannot deny it. But help me to get up—I think I shall die." Hearing this unhesitating confession from the lips of the schoolmaster, Fleuriot could hardly restrain an exclamation of surprise; however, he aided him to rise, when it was discovered that he was far from seriously wounded; on the contrary, it was as much as the curé could do to persuade him that there was nothing more the matter than a slight sprain of the ankle.

"My good friends, for pity's sake don't leave me here; the storm will grow worse and worse, and I should die of terror at the bare notion of passing the night here." "What is to be done?" answered the Abbé; "we cannot carry you, and unless we go and get some assistance at Saint Clair—" "Don't leave me alone!" shouted Denis; "the thunder—and these precious vessels—my mind is quite turned—" "Come, get up—try and support yourself by leaning upon me and Maitre Fleuriot."

"With all sorts of ahs! and ohs! Denis abandoned himself to make the necessary experiment, and found, to his extreme astonishment, that he could stand with perfect ease, and that there was, in fact, no obstacle whatever to his reaching Saint Clair safe and sound. A little inspired by this discovery, he became in a few moments more himself, and was finally restored when Fleuriot handed him the lost spectacles. "Curse spectacles!" cried he, "the cause of all my disaster! falling at the very moment when I heard you coming! and without them I am sure to run into some danger or other. Come, pray let us make haste!" And so saying, he was about to advance; but the curé held him fast. "M. Denis," said he, "you have not shown us where you have put the coffer containing the church vessels." "The coffer! ah! yes!" answered he evasively, "I—I have not got it." "No prevarication, I must beg! Where have you concealed those sacred vessels, over which you have no right whatever?" "I will tell you by-and-bye—but—well—then, if you must know, I sent it away by Antoine, and by this time he must surely have put it in some appropriate place. Come, let us go."

Confou
ity of De
to chance
citous r
possession
had pass
and fury
foiled; v
from a s
in the vo
reveals
cure.

"Allo
the door
hand, ad
ment, th
strained
tenance,
a conce
the prie
evident
Monsieu
not be t
the curé
voutly l
many y
No; I
he spok
the ch
journ in
his fing
assistin
over hi
a conv
face w
wrinkl
ples, w
the dim
very p
fine, v
eled by
sion of
seeme
The lo
before
but th
that a
Then,
his ha
only v
word
Pierre
The c
" "
that i
" "
follow
with
feet,
little
uneq

Or
ent
Pars
W.
blac
cont
It h
both
seen
wor

Confounded at once by the indifference and timidity of Denis, the curé resolves to leave the matter to chance, and that chance, though by rather a circuitous route, eventually brings the coffer into his possession. We cannot follow in detail all that it had passed through, or enter into the consternation and fury of Maitre Denis at finding himself finally foiled; we can only linger to take one more extract from a scene, which we judge to be among the best in the volume, that where the unfortunate Fleuriot reveals what he had done to the compassionate curé.

"Alone with Fleuriot, the Abbé Duval closed the door carefully, and, taking the lamp in his hand, advanced towards the coffer. Until this moment, the farmer had preserved the same quiet constrained air, the same dark expression of countenance, as if he had been but a spectator, though a concerned one, of all that passed; but now that the priest rose, he followed every movement, in evident anxiety. 'What are you going to do, Monsieur!' asked he, in a stifled voice; 'would it not be better to take a little rest?' 'Rest!' echoed the curé; 'rest, now that I can bend my knees devoutly before these precious relics, concealed for so many years from the veneration of the faithful! No; I do not want rest—I am too happy.' While he spoke, he tried to move the springs that fastened the chest; but the locks, rusted by their long sojourn in the damp ground, remained firm beneath his fingers. Fleuriot seemed not once to think of assisting him; an extraordinary change had come over him. His body was bent nearly double, and a convulsive trembling shook all his limbs; his face was perfectly livid, and marked with deep wrinkles; the drops stood on his forehead and temples, while his eyes, fixed upon the Abbé, shone in the dim light like two balls of fire; he looked the very personification of Terror and Remorse. The fine, venerable countenance of the old priest, encircled by his white hair, lighted up with an expression of almost sublime enthusiasm, of earnest joy, seemed really ethereal and angelic, by contrast. The locks yielded at length, and the coffer lay open before them. The Abbé bent eagerly forward; but the paleness of death spread over his features, that a moment before were so vivid and beaming. Then, as if he could not believe his eyes, he thrust his hand into the interior of the chest. It contained only sand and stones. The priest uttered not a word; but he turned slowly towards Fleuriot. Pierre fell on his knees with his face to the ground. The curé advanced towards him.

"'Pierre!' said he, in a low voice, but in a tone that rent his heart, 'was it you, then?'

"'Yes, it was I—no one but I.' A dead silence followed these words; the curé seemed suffocated with surprise and grief; Fleuriot, prostrated at his feet, dashed his head against the stone floor, the little lamp, on the distant table, lent but a feeble, unequal light. 'You,' continued the priest, in a

stifled voice, while he covered his face with his hands, 'you, my friend, my brother, you are the thief, then; you are the sacrilegious wretch; you are the profane——' He stopped, for the tears burst from his eyes, and fell through the hands, so convulsively clasped. 'Yes, it was I,' repeated Fleuriot, again dashing himself furiously on the ground.

"It was a fearful and an unexpected blow; with all his Christian fortitude and calmness of temper, it was more than the Abbé Duval could bear; human nature triumphed over the stoicism of the priest. It was but for a moment; in another second his mind reacted against his grief and astonishment, with an energy which nothing but faith can give. 'Rise, Pierre,' he said, in an altered voice; 'you have indeed deceived me.' 'No, leave me here, where I am, let me die at your feet, though I may be doomed already.' The unutterable despair, the deep dejection of his accent, had the effect of diminishing that of the Abbé almost immediately. * * * Pierre rose with an air of resolution. 'M. le Curé,' said he with a voice of determination, 'I am a culprit I know, but neither you nor the holy church shall suffer for my crimes. I will do one thing, more hard for me than death. I will acknowledge publicly what I have done. I will confess the origin of all my good fortune; I will explain how I alone committed the sacrilege; I will declare my disgrace and infamy to the whole world.' 'But you will dishonor all your unfortunate family as well as yourself; besides, the villagers, with Denis to excite them, might subject you to a criminal prosecution—I, too, shall be called upon to act against you!' 'Well, I shall have deserved it all—' 'No, no, that cannot be,' continued the Abbé; 'you must not be lost—ruined.' At these words Fleuriot burst into tears; 'Ah! M. le Curé, you are indeed good and kind; a Christian indeed, to feel for me, sinner that I am.' After a moment's silence the Abbé took the lamp in his hand; 'I must be alone,' said he; 'do not follow me.'

"The following morning the first words that greeted Fleuriot's anxious heart were, 'Ah, he is gone, and I thought he was going to stay forever!' 'Who is gone?' asked he. 'Why, M. le Curé, of course, who else could I mean?' and he told me to say he hoped you would take good care of the sacred vessels in the coffer while he was away.' 'He said so—did he? but where is he gone?' 'He would not say where, when I asked him, but set off, alone and on foot.'"

We should infringe upon the part of the novelist, were we to attempt to relate the means by which the sacred vessels are finally produced, according to the promise of the curé, on the day the church is opened for public worship; neither can we reveal here the sentiments of Denis, at discovering himself foiled on all hands; for the elucidation of this little plot we must refer, with earnest commendation of this graceful story, to the volume itself.

ORNITHOLOGICAL ANOMALY.—There is at present over the drawing-room window at Casterton Parsonage, near Kirby Lonsdale, where Mr. W. W. C. Wilson, jun., is residing, a nest built by a blackbird and a thrush, which have paired together, containing one bird, which resembles both species. It has been placed in a cage close to the nest, and both the blackbird and thrush may constantly be seen feeding it through the wires of the cage, with worms and caterpillars. Captivity has not abated

their affection, for they sit by it just the same, and entirely support it.—*Critic*.

PROHIBITION OF SWISS TUTORS AND GOVERNESSES.—The Russian legation at the Helvetic Confederation has just notified, that in future he should not give his *visa* to the passports of Swiss, male or female, proceeding to Russia in the quality of teachers.

From the Christian Review, (a Baptist Quarterly, published in Boston.)

THE JESUITS, AS A MISSIONARY ORDER.*

THE missionary spirit contributed to the discovery of our continent. "The man who gave to Castile and Leon a New World," was full of high religious aspirations. With much of the superstition, Columbus had more than the piety, of his age. He regarded himself as commissioned by a higher than any earthly court, in the great enterprise which he pursued with such calm constancy. On reaching the shores he had long sought, his first act was to kneel in devout thanksgiving. If his chroniclers have truly reported his prayer, he blessed the God who had deigned to use his humble service in preparing the way that his own sacred name might be preached in this new portion of his universe. And in his last will, he charges it upon his son to maintain divines who should be employed in striving to make Christians of the natives, declaring this a work in which "*no expense should be thought too great.*"

Little knew Columbus of the trains of religious influence that came in the wake of his great discovery. In those weary days and nights of anxiety and watchfulness, when his solitary courage buffeted, single-handed, the mutinous remonstrances of his companions—when, with such difficulty, he kept the prow of his vessel turned still toward the west—if he understood little the peculiar aspect of the shores he was fast nearing, he knew quite as little of the mysterious instrumentality, already provided in the Old World, to grasp and shape the new continent as it emerged from its concealment of ages in the recesses of ocean. Had he been asked, on that morning of triumph when his eyes first beheld, green, bright and fragrant, the shores of the new-found world, who would be the instruments of its conversion to the true God, how blindly would he have answered. For its religious instructors, he would have looked to the universities of the Spain that had patronized him, or of the England or the France that had neglected him; or he would have turned his eyes to his own native Italy. But we, to whose gaze have been revealed those leaves in the volume of Providence that no mortal eye had then read, have learned to look elsewhere for the religious guides already training for the new-found hemisphere. Standing in fancy by the side of the great Genoese navigator, we look back over the intervening waste of waters to the Old World. But our eyes turn not to the points that attract his gaze. Ours wander in quest of Eisenach, a petty town in Western Germany. In the band of school-boys that go from door to door through its streets, singing their hymns, and looking for their dole of daily bread, we catch sight of the full, ruddy face of a lad now some nine years old. Those cheerful features bear the mingling impress of broad humor, vigorous sense, good-nature the most genial, and a will somewhat of the sternest. The youth is the son of a humble miner. His father has sent him hither, some three years ago, that the boy may be taught Latin, and receive such help as poor scholars in Germany thought it

no shame to ask. That lad is Martin Luther; a name soon to ring through either hemisphere, the antagonist of the papacy, the translator of the Scriptures, and the instrument of a spiritual revolution, that is to impress its own character, not on northern Europe only, but also on the larger half of that continent, of whose discovery that school-boy will soon be told, as he bends over his grammar or bounds through the play-ground. And here have we found one of the master-spirits, that is to fix the religious destiny of the New World.

We look yet again for the rival mind, that is to contest with Luther's the honor of fashioning American character and history. Our next glance is at Spain, that country from whose ports had been fitted out the little armament that is riding on the sea before us. But it is not to its brilliant court, or to its universities, then famous throughout Europe, that we look for this other mind, that is to aid in casting the spiritual horoscope of our continent. On the northern shores of the country, in the province of Biscay, and under the shadow of the Pyrenees, stands an old baronial castle, tenanted by a Spanish gentleman of ancient and noble lineage. In the family of eleven children that gladdens his hearth, the youngest born, the Benjamin of the household, is now a child of some two years old. That tottering infant, as he grows up to manhood, will at first mistake his destiny. Smitten with the chivalrous spirit, that hangs as an atmosphere of romance over the Spain of that age, he will become a courtly knight, delighting in feats of arms, and not free from the soldier's vices. But his ultimate history will be of far different cast. Wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, his shattered limb will confine him to a couch, where his waking hours will be spent in reading the legends of saints, and from that couch of pain he will rise an altered man. For this prattling child is Ignatius Loyola. This baby hand is yet to pen the "Spiritual Exercises," that far-famed volume, which still remains the manual of the Jesuit order, the book that has swayed so many a strong intellect for this life and the next, and shaken some minds even to insanity. He is to become the founder of a religious fraternity, who shall be the Janissaries of the Romish church, its stoutest champions against the reformation, and its most daring emissaries around the globe. Neither Luther nor Loyola ever visited our shores, yet no two of the contemporary minds of Europe so signally controlled the religious history of this continent; and both were in their boyhood, the one at a German grammar-school, the other romping in the nursery of an old Spanish castle, when Columbus planted his foot on the shores of St. Salvador.

The institution, which Loyola created, early wrapped itself about the history of our country, fathers of the Jesuit order having, both in the northern and southern portions of the continent, borne a large share in the work of discovery and civilization. Had the efforts of France been but crowned with answering success, this body of men had given their own religious hue to our territory. Seven years before Plymouth Rock received the disembarking colonists from the May-Flower, and twenty-three before Rhode Island had its first European settlers, "France and the Roman religion had established themselves in Maine."* Still sooner, Jesuits were in Nova Scotia, and in 1625, Jesuit missionaries were laboring on the banks of

* This article was originally prepared, as an address before the Society of Missionary Inquiry in Brown University, before whom it was delivered. A separate publication was intended, in pursuance of the request of the Society. Various causes have prevented its receiving the additions and changes it was once the writer's wish to have made, and have delayed its appearance to the present time.

* Bancroft, vol. i., p. 23

the St.
France
that Ch
of our la
is worth
that the
dominion
to subdu
Christ.
only, bu
and on
Jesuit
gathered
gonquim
of India
It ha
dence m
to coin
same an
ever to
poison.
that in
founder
evident
labors
so earl
testant
States,
Provid
Ameri
the ref
been d
not E
—or h
founda
Roger
the sci
made
Amer
had bu
the w
Amer
pulse
given
comm
world
degre
sun v
The
a ther
the su
thoug
Odiou
its cr
were
ing z
it has
its X
it ju
men
its c
deny
sons
that
but i
evil
crim
does
met
Ser

the St. Lawrence. The early governors of New France were zealous patrons of such missions, and that Champlain, whose name is yet borne by one of our lakes, declared that the salvation of one soul is worth more than the conquest of an empire, and that the object of a Christian king, in extending his dominion over an idolatrous country, should be only to subdue its inhabitants to the sway of Jesus Christ.* Not on the course of the St. Lawrence only, but in the remote depths of our wilderness, and on the shores of our great western lakes, the Jesuits had early planted their missions and gathered their converts from the Huron, the Algonquin, the Iroquois, the Illinois, and other tribes of Indians.

It has been the boast of the order, that Providence made the birth of their own Ignatius Loyola to coincide so nearly with that of Luther, by the same arrangement of divine benevolence that is said ever to provide the antidote in the vicinity of the poison. Their writers are also accustomed to say, that in bringing so closely together the rise of their founder and the discoveries of Columbus, God had evidently pointed their way to those missionary labors upon our continent, in which they engaged so early and successfully.† Well may the Protestant, and especially the citizen of these United States, bless in his turn that fatherly care of divine Providence, which neither allowed the era of American colonization to be hastened, nor that of the reformation to be deferred. Had these events been differently arranged—had Spanish blood, and not English, flowed in the veins of our first settlers—or had the May-Flower borne to our shores the foundations of a Catholic colony, and had our own Roger Williams been a Jesuit missionary—or had the schemes of French conquest, that would have made Canada but the starting-point of a North American empire, been successful, how different had been the annals, not of this State alone, but of the whole country, and in truth of our entire race. America had wanted her Washington. The impulse of modern revolutions had remained yet to be given, the name of Lexington had continued still a common and unhonored sound, and the dial of the world had been put back far more than the ten degrees, by which at the prayer of Hezekiah the sun went down on the dial of Ahab.

The Jesuits, as a missionary order, furnish then a theme in which we have a national interest; and the subject may well employ for a passing hour the thoughts of an assembly of American Christians. Odious as the society justly became for its acts and its crimes, it had its purer era, when its emissaries were men, not only of singular talent, but of burning zeal, and in some cases even of true piety. If it has had its Escobars, it has also been honored by its Xaviers, its Riccis, and its Nobregas. Nor is it just, in denouncing its shameless casuistry, its mendacious miracles, its remorseless ambition, and its crooked policy, to overlook the usefulness, or deny the virtues that have adorned some among the sons of Loyola. Its eight hundred martyrs prove that its zeal has been of no ordinary kind. Man is but too prone to pour over the checkered good and evil of human character the sweeping flood of indiscriminate praise, or censure as unmitigated. So does not the Judge of all the earth. His tribunal metes out a more exact sentence. And, in his Scriptures, with what impartiality does he detect

some good thing to be found towards the Lord God, even in the house of Jeroboam, the corrupter of Israel. Dark as was the depravity of Ahab, "who sold himself to work wickedness," inspiration draws no veil over the brief interval of light in his history, that shot, like a moment of unnatural sunshine, across the depth of midnight darkness. And Christ himself, the chiefest missionary of the church, taught his disciples to learn wisdom from the policy of the fraudulent steward, and the fears of the unjust judge. Truth, then, may well afford to be just even to error, and to glean even from such fields lessons of wisdom. No missionary undertakings have embodied a greater array of talent, been arranged with more masterly skill, displayed more illustrious proofs of courage and of patience, or wielded a wider influence, than those of the Society of Loyola. Baxter confessed that their labors moved him to emulation, and the Protestant Leibnitz, the scholar, the jurist, and the philosopher, the rival of Newton, has been their fervent eulogist.

The character of Loyola, the founder, was deeply impressed on his order. On deserting the military life, he had spent a year in the most revolting austerities, and during this period composed his celebrated treatise. His attention now became turned to the salvation of his neighbor; before, it had been engrossed by care for his own soul. To profit others, he must relinquish the squalid dress and some of the austere penances of his former course, and he felt also that he must remedy the defects of a neglected education. Now in the prime of manhood, he set himself down, nothing daunted or ashamed, among children, to learn his Latin grammar. His progress was slow and painful. At the University of Paris he gathered around him his first associates. Their early design was a mission to Palestine. War frustrated this. They offered themselves for the service of the supreme pontiff, at their own charge, in whatever part of the world he might command. This offer won the reluctant consent of the Romish see to their establishment in 1540. They were thus missionaries from their first constitution. Long a soldier, Loyola had felt both the need of discipline and its power. Reminiscences of his military course appear in the whole structure, as in the very title, of his *Spiritual Exercises*. It seems, from the description given of it, to be but the drill-book of a spiritual regiment. The treatise is said to represent the world as divided into two hosts, the one arrayed under the banners of Christ, and the other uplifting the standard of Satan; and, inviting the reader to enlist with his Redeemer, furnishes marks by which he may judge of the work appointed him, and rules for its accomplishment. Obedience, incessant and implicit, such as is elsewhere scarce found out of a camp, was Loyola's favorite lesson. It was in his order the subject of a special vow. They swore it to the pope and to their superior, called their general, who was elected for life, and clothed with absolute power. Ignatius was accustomed to term such obedience the most sublime of virtues, the daughter of humility, and the nurse of charity, a guide that never wandered, and the mark that was to distinguish his order from all others. Exacting it most rigidly from others, he displayed it himself, in an implicit deference to his physician and his confessor; while to the Roman pontiff so profound was his submission, that he was accustomed to say, at the command of the pope he would embark on a mission for any shore in a vessel without rudder, or sails, or

* Carnes, p. 369.

† Charlevoix, *Histoire de Paraguay*.

mast, or stores. When the objection was made, that such conduct would be inconsistent with ordinary prudence, his reply was, that prudence was the virtue of the ruler, not of the ruled. His last will, as he termed it, was but an unfinished homily on obedience.

Yet in all this, the object of Ignatius does not seem to have been consciously, his own personal aggrandizement. Wealth, fame, and even power he seems to have sought less than usefulness. The first year of his religious course had been one of stormy fanaticism; the rest of his career breathed a high, sustained enthusiasm. He dreaded, as he often said, worldly prosperity for his order, excluded its members from episcopal preferment, and by earnest remonstrances prevented the elevation of two of his early associates, Lainez and Borgia, to the cardinalate. He spent much time in prayer, and laid more stress than many Roman religionists on the prayer of the heart, while Thomas à Kempis was his favorite book of devotion. Simple and severe in his own personal habits, his labors never remitted. Lodging in hospitals, tending their sick, catechizing children, seeking the restoration of the profligate, wherever he went, he gave himself to the toils of benevolence.

Seeing that the emergencies of the time required not the retired life—the *contemplative* one, as it was called, of the monastic orders—he desired for his institute a life of *active* piety. The three great duties of the order from the beginning were announced, as being the education of youth, controversy with heretics, and the conversion of the heathen. They were to be men of the world, and not of the cloister. Hence he procured them exemption from the chants and choral services customary with many Roman fraternities. "They do not sing," said the enemies of the Jesuits; "birds of prey never do." Yet to maintain their devotional feelings, there were many provisions. One especially was, that, for a space of eight days in each year, every member of the order should make "a retreat," as it was called, retiring from the world, and devoting himself to the study of his heart and way, by the help of the Spiritual Exercises. With the zeal of Loyola was mingled much knowledge of the world. With the merchant he spoke of traffic, and with the scholar of books, that he might attract both to religion; entering, as he described it, at their door, that he might leave at his own. What in him, however, seems to have been little more than skilful courtesy not inconsistent with real principle, became, in the latter members of the order, a supple and lithe pliability, alike unprincipled and selfish.

To exercise and perfect their great principle of obedience, the rules of the society were most skilfully framed. Their colleges gave them facilities for the selection of the most brilliant talents. A long novitiate and varied trials preceded admission to the full privileges of the order. Every one on entering it was required to make a full manifestation, as it was termed, of his conscience, giving the minutest and most private details of his past history and feelings. This was repeated each half year. Each member was constituted a spy upon his fellow. Regular reports of every incident of moment, and of the character and deportment of each member, were made to the provincial, and from the provincial were transmitted to the general at Rome, to be transcribed into the archives of the order. From the will of this general there lay no appeal; complaint was sin, and resistance ruin. In

the whole society, there was but one will, but one conscience, and it was in the bosom of the general. So true a despotism Tiberius never attempted, and Machiavelli himself could not have imagined. Superstition only could have made men its willing subjects. The individual being was lost in one vast machine, all the parts of which were intelligent to observe, the eyes of one soul, and strong to obey, the hands of one will. Limited at first to sixty members, but soon left without such restriction, the order increased in sixty years from ten to 10,000 members, and in 1710 the Jesuits numbered about 20,000 in their wide-spread association. These, scattered throughout all countries, men of the finest talents and most finished education, wearing every garb, and speaking every language, formed a body that could outwatch Argus and his hundred eyes, and outwork Briareus with his hundred hands. It is readily seen what tremendous energies such a system wielded. In every other combination of human effort, much of power is lost, not only by the resistance to be overcome in the world without, but by the discord and internal weakness of the combined parties within themselves, and the lumbering weight of the machinery upon which the motive power acts. The steeds may be the fiery coursers of the sun, with power flaming from every nostril, but where is the mortal hand that can rein the whole into one path, and bring the might of all their sinews to draw in one onward track? It was not so in this institution. Here, as in the chariot of the prophet's vision, all was instinct with one will; "the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels; when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them, when those stood, these stood; when the living creatures were lifted up, the wheels were lifted up over against them, and their rings were full of eyes round about, and they were so high that they were dreadful." One soul swayed the vast mass; and every cog and pin in the machinery consented with its whole power to every movement of the one central conscience. The world never had seen so perfect a despotism; yet never was any government so ardently loved by its earlier members. "If I forget thee, O society of Jesus," exclaimed Xavier in India, "may my right hand forget its cunning."

The man, who thus spoke, is his greatest name; and he would not have felt this affection, had the order been originally as corrupt as it afterwards became. Gladly, did our limits permit, would we dwell on his history. A man of higher talent than Loyola, a ripe scholar, and of that commanding courage which nothing could daunt, there were also in him a fervent piety, and boundless self-sacrificing benevolence, that all the errors of his faith could not obscure. On the Malabar coast, in the kingdom of Iravancore, where he gave baptism to 10,000 in one month with his own hand, in the Moluccas, and in Ceylon, he labored in perils imminent, and amid great privations and difficulties, but never without fruit. His chief triumphs were, however, in Japan. Having seen the principles of his religion spreading rapidly through that empire, he longed next to enter China. With the assurance that it was at the risk of his life, he bargained but to be put ashore upon its inhospitable coast. They who were to have done this failed him; and, in sight of the empire which he was not allowed to enter, on the small rocky island of Sancian, he breathed his last. Dying thus, with his last and greatest enterprise unachieved, he yet laid his body thus as on the counterscarp, leaving to the

rank
their
theist
and w
plans,
of 200
forcing
Verbie
talent.
said to
own us
of the
Protest
men of
one tim
Celesti
press i
the em
uit fat
display
legislat
as cant
munity
rica on
on the
prizes
rocco,
Abyssin
at one
the pat
vations
indigna
tended
were e
already
sia. In
lifting
On
have a
They f
with hi
het, an
ness, th
side ou
century
de St.
mission
points
his wor
regions
ward w
other p
had ex
sula of
verted
ing sta
gious
the con
portion
of the
umpha
more r
those c
Nobreg
Tribes
the ch
bore to
rid bar
cumpel
of the
cannib
their n
boring
CXI.

rank behind, a name and example that never lost their rallying power, until these ramparts of heathenism were scaled, and China too was entered and won. In Japan, the order followed up his plans, until their converts had reached the number of 200,000. The Jesuit fathers, who succeeded in forcing the barriers of China—Ricci, Scholl, and Verbiest—were men distinguished in science and talent. The manuscripts left by some of them are said to show, too—written evidently but for their own use—that they were men of piety. Of some of them at least, Milne and Morrison and other Protestant missionaries have thought highly, as men of real devotedness and mistaken piety. At one time, there seemed reason to expect that the Celestial Empire was to become Christian, the empress herself having joined the Christian church, the emperor being known as their patron, and Jesuit fathers filling the highest posts at court, and displaying their varied attainments as geographers, legislators, philosophers and astronomers, and even as cannon-founders. The same indefatigable community were busily assailing the Fetishism of Africa on the west and east, and its Mohammedanism on the north. They had their missionary enterprises at Congo and Loango, at Tripoli and Morocco, and Monomopata and Mozambique. In Abyssinia, after frequent repulses, they acquired at one time the ascendancy, and a Jesuit was made the patriarch of the national church; but his innovations and inquisitorial cruelties soon wrought the indignant expulsion of the religion they were intended to establish. In Egypt, too, their laborers were early found; and in Asia, besides the points already enumerated, they toiled in India and Persia. In Syria and Thibet, the sons of Loyola were lifting the banners of the Romish church.

On our own shores, their missionaries, as we have already seen, were found at an early day. They followed the red man to his haunts, paddled with him the rude canoe, reared beside his hearth, and displayed a patient and winning sweetness, that disarmed his ferocity. The tribes beside our great inland seas claimed, more than a century ago, the care of the Jesuit fathers. Saul de St. Marie and Mackinaw were sites of their missions; and yet beyond these places there were points where the wandering son of Loyola reared his wooden crucifix, and built his bark chapel, in regions that even in our own late day the westward wave of emigration has not yet reached. To other parts of North America the same fraternity had expanded their establishments. In the peninsula of California, they gathered villages of converted Indians that still exist, although in a declining state and under the charge now of other religious orders. In Mexico, also, they labored for the conversion of the Aborigines. In the southern portion of our continent were, however, the scenes of their greatest toils and their most glorious triumphs. They labored in Peru and in Chili. Far more repulsive was the field chosen, however, by those of the Jesuit fathers who, like Ortega and Nobregas, labored among the cannibals of Brazil. Tribes, with whom the flesh of their captives was the choicest of dainties, and whose older women bore to the battle-field the vessels in which the horrid banquet of victory was to be prepared, were compelled at length to yield to the dauntless zeal of the intrepid missionary; and, relinquishing their cannibalism, learned gentleness and piety. But their most splendid honors were won in the neighboring country of Paraguay. They found its wide

plains traversed by numerous out divided hordes, ignorant of the simplest arts, impatient of restraint, and prompt to deeds of blood. Gathering at first but some fifty families, they reared at last a community which was estimated at one time to number 300,000 souls. The Indian was instructed in agriculture and the handicraft arts, in music, and even in painting. Villages, or *Reductions*, as they were called, rose rapidly, where an Arcadian purity of manners reigned through communities of thousands, who had but recently been roving, lawless savages. They labored for a common stock, and subsisted on the common stores. Never, probably, has the experiment of a community of possessions been so long tried, and so successfully, as it was there. Yet, beneficent as was the Jesuit rule over these their subjects, it was so absolute, that their converts might be said never to have outgrown the state of nonage. Theirs was a filial servitude.

In all these their missions, the order displayed an indomitable energy, and a spirit of most adventurous enterprise. As dauntless as they were versatile, and as unwearied as they were dauntless, the door closed against them was undermined, if it could not be opened, and stormed where it could not be undermined. Martyrdom for them had no terrors. Did the news return to their colleges in Europe of a missionary falling, riddled by the arrows of the Brazilian savage, at the foot of the crucifix he had planted, or of scores sent into the depths of ocean by heretic captors, the names of the fallen were inserted on the rubrics of Jesuit martyrs; and not the students only, but the professors of their institutions rushed to fill the ranks that had been thus thinned. And, turning from their fields of missionary enterprise in the far east and in the remotest west, to what they had accomplished in Europe, there was much at this time to stir the Jesuit to self-gratulation. Their science, and address, and renunciation of ecclesiastical preferment had made members of their order confessors to some of the most powerful monarchs. In controversy, they had given to the Romish church Bellarmine, the ablest of her defenders, and though a Jesuit, perhaps also the most candid of Romish controversialists. To the French pulpit they had furnished Bourdaloue, among its great names no weaker luminary, and perhaps its first reasoner. Their divines, orators, poets, historians and critics were well nigh numberless, the order claiming to have produced more distinguished scholars than all the other Romish communities together. In education, they had been the benefactors of the world. Their institutions are proposed by Bacon as the best of models, and Mackintosh has pronounced the strides made by the society in the work of instruction the greatest ever witnessed. But in missions was the beginning of their strength, and the excellency of their glory. The character of Xavier gave to the cause of evangelization an impulse such as it had not received for seven centuries; and to this day, his church looks in vain for one, who, to his dauntless zeal and his untiring patience, has united the splendor of his talents, and his wide influence, that went overrunning a nation like some great conflagration. Through all these fields of labor they continued to diffuse one spirit, not spent by toil, and not diminished by distance from the centre of power. From the man, who sat in a gilded confessional with a monarch for his penitent, amid the splendid luxury of Versailles or Madrid, to him who in a wigwam of bark shared

the rude fare of the Canadian Indian, sleeping on the skin won in the chase, and lighted by the blazing pine-knot, one soul possessed the entire body. From east to west, from north to south, the sons of Ignatius were pursuing one object through a thousand mazy channels. The motto and device in one of their earlier histories was well illustrated in their conduct. That device was a mirror, and the superscription was "Omnia omnibus," *All things to all men*. But what in Paul was Christian courtesy, leaning on inflexible principle; and what in Loyola himself was probably wisdom, but slightly tinged with unwarrantable policy, became, in some of his disciples, the laxest casuistry, chameleon-like, shifting its hues to every varying shade of interest or fashion.

There was much in the nature of Romanism itself to make the work of proselytism easy and rapid. The priest went forth a solitary man, with no ties to any spot, with few incumbrances, moving freely and at little cost through wide districts. The rites that he celebrated took the senses of the rude barbarian as by storm. The music, the incense, the gorgeous robe, the golden vessels, the picture, the statue, and the crucifix were to the savage most imposing. Again, no change of heart was requisite to baptism. No long familiarity with Scripture preceded entrance to the church. The creed, the catechism,* and a few prayers and hymns were to be translated, and a nation was supplied with its religious literature. Submission to external rites, and a blind deference to priestly authority, throw open the doors of the church as to the rushing feet of a nation. They who entered it, found it was not the holy of holies they had reached. We do not mean to say, that there was no holy fruit in their religion. We would only speak of the low form of Christian character they had proposed for their converts. Yet we believe the morals of their disciples were generally higher than those of the converts gained by other orders; and the constancy, with which such multitudes in their Japanese churches endured the most appalling forms of martyrdom, allows us to hope, that under much of superstition and much of ignorance, there was also something of love to Christ.

Yet from this height of success, and influence, and honor, they were doomed to fall, and for a time the world seemed to shake with their far-reaching ruin. In Japan, their 200,000 converts, exciting, justly or unjustly, apprehensions of political intrigue in the mind of a native prince, who was consolidating the kingdoms of Japan into one empire, they were exterminated by one of the fiercest persecutions that Christianity has ever experienced. Multitudes perished in prison; some were buried in ditches, others, immersed in freezing water, died a death of lingering agony; some were crucified, others were beheaded; and large numbers were thrown into one of the volcanic craters of the country, while the crosses of the Jesuit pastors studded the edges of the fearful cavity into which their flocks were hurried. That country has been thenceforward sealed against the gospel more closely than any other heathen land on the earth. It was, perhaps, one instance of those fearful retributions, that, in the language of Bacon, are occasionally written by the hand of Nemesis along the highway of nations, in characters which

he that runneth may read, that the Japanese were instigated, in this extinction of the Jesuit churches, by the Dutch, a people who had never forgotten the bucherries of the ferocious Alva, and thus requited on the rising Romanism of the east the wrongs that religion had wrought them in the west. In China, contentions with other Romish orders thwarted their labors; their political power was soon lost, and their converts were driven into concealment. But though denounced by edicts of the empire, and on pain of death expelled from its territories, they have never ceased laboring there, and the Catholic Christians at this hour secreted in the bosom of that nation, are calculated by Medhurst at 200,000. In Paraguay and in California, their settlements have been transferred to the charge of other orders, and themselves were exiled, as was also the case in the Philippine Islands. Their expulsion from the fields in South America, watered so freely with the wealth, and talents, and best blood of the order, grew out of their disgrace in Europe. In France, they had denounced and suppressed Jansenism; but received, in their conflict with that body of most able and holy men, the Port Royalists, a deathful arrow they could never extricate. We need not say we allude to the Provincial Letters of Pascal, a work whose mingling powers of wit, and argument, and eloquence, well nigh unrivalled apart, and in their union unequalled, fixed the ultimate fate of the Jesuit order. They stood up, too, in the same country, in the days of their own intellectual decrepitude, to wrestle against the young skepticism of the Regency and of the days of Louis XV. Voltaire, and Diderot, and D'Holbach, and Helvetius, men educated in their own colleges, overwhelmed their old teachers with sarcasm, and irony, and wit, the more burning in its severity often, because it was the language of truth. To every state they had made themselves odious by intermingling themselves with political affairs. In their own church they found the bitterest enemies, in the worldly who envied their power, and in the zealous who detested their lax casuistry and their erroneous doctrine. By principles, which, if not their own invention, were at least their favorite implements, they explained away all obligation; and some of their doctors seemed scarce to have left faith on the earth, or justice in the heavens. In short, they threw conscience into the alembic, and drew from the retort a mixture, like the aqua iefana of Italian poisons, clear as the water that streams from the rock, but to drink of which was lingering, inevitable death. This laxity of moral teaching was felt to be the more inexcusable, in a body who had constituted themselves the jealous guardians of what they called orthodoxy in doctrine; "a sort of men," as said the Abbe Boileau, brother of the poet, "who set themselves to lengthen the creed, and abridge the commandments." Casuistry became, in their hands, as Bayle has well called it, "the art of cavilling with God." But men, even the vilest, cannot long respect those who pander to their corruptions, and the order soon fell under the ban of the human race. Their principles in morals, too, reacted upon themselves. Like the French poisoner, who perished by the fall of his mask, inhaling unexpectedly the fumes of the poison he was compounding for others, the order could not retain its old zeal, and the life of its early fanaticism, while propagating such sentiments. Some, even of the Jesuit missionaries to heathenism were, it is said, in secret, infidels. At Rome itself, they had become

* Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia*, furnishes a curious specimen of one of the Jesuit catechisms, used among our American Indians.

tools more convenient than reputable. None had done more than they to uphold the staggering power of that see; and no less than ninety bulls, issued from under the Fisherman's Ring, had attested the esteem in which the Vatican held them, and its resolution to defend them against their embittered foes. But its power now failed. Catholic France, and Portugal, and Spain, were resolutely bent on the ruin of the order. The arts, both of policy and force, they had so long practised, were now turned against them. With a secrecy they had never surpassed in their own movements, the measures were concerted for their expulsion from Spain and Portugal. Driven from their colleges and possessions, blackened in character, and destitute, and many of them aged, they were hurled on the charities of a world they had not propitiated by their former conduct. Never slow, in the day of their power, to use the arm of the civil government for the purpose of persecution, they now felt its weight upon themselves. They had instigated in France the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew, it is said, and had most certainly shared largely in the perfidy, the frauds, and the revolting dragonades that procured and followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz. The recompense, long accumulating, now descended. Reluctantly, but necessarily, the Roman court itself withdrew in terror from these its staunchest servants, and pronounced, with faltering lips, the dissolution of the order.

They had forgotten, in their abuse of power, and talent, and influence, that there was on high one mightier than all the mighty of earth, whom they had subsidized, or flattered, or corrupted. Providence, an element upon which in their latter days they had forgotten to calculate, was now meeting them at every turn. If they had lost sight of it, never had it lost sight of them. It used no confessors, and they could not guide it; nor did it wait in its movements for the shuffling of the pieces on the checker-boards of earthly cabinets, which Jesuitism watched so narrowly. But when its fullness of times was come, it called, and every stormy passion of human nature rushed at its bidding, eager to do the work of retribution, while, unpitied, Jesuitism stood to bear, in its loneliness, the meeting vengeance of earth and heaven.

Never had Romanism progeny that bore more perfectly its own image, or embodied its grand principles so faithfully as did the Jesuit system. The principle of the order was but a reduction to its simplest essence of that one master idea of the Romish creed—implicit faith—unlimited obedience. These are, in justice, due only to a Being of infinite truth, and underived and unending sovereignty. Nothing less able or less wise, nothing short of the divine wisdom, that cannot mistake, and that will not deceive, is entitled to demand such subjection and confidence. It is the great sin of the Romish apostacy, its *πρωτον φειδος*, that it has here arrogated the prerogative of the Godhead, and in the seat of God given itself out as God over the human conscience and heart. This it is that constitutes the Anti-christ, the rival usurping the rights of the Christ. For that Saviour, who created and ransomed the soul, whose eye pervades its depths with a searching omniscience, and whose hand encompasses it in all its wanderings with an ever-present almightiness, is entitled to the absolute rule and dominion of that soul. Romanism has, however, demanded this power. For faith in Christ, as the one condition of salvation, it has substituted faith in

the church. Jesuitism, with its wonted sagacity, saw, that in this claim lay the strength of the Romish system. It rose up to preach the doctrine to a world whom the Reformation was fast alienating. It rose up to exemplify the obedience, in its own unreserved, unquestioning submission to its own general, and through him to the Romish see. But while they thus acquired power, they were also sowing the seeds of decay. By this implicit obedience, the individual merged his personal rights and his spiritual existence in the society. The mass had a conscience, but the members had not. But while they formed thus obedient societies, because there was no individuality of opinion or will, there was as much of intrinsic weakness, as there was of quiet in the body. Remove the head, and the life had departed from an entire community. They destroyed, also, by this same process, the higher order of talents, which act only in a state of comparative freedom. Splendid as were their scholars in every walk, yet, as Mackintosh has remarked, through two centuries of power and fame, they gave to Europe no genius to be named with Racine and Pascal, men who sprung from the Port Royalists, in the career, both far more brief and far more stormy, of that persecuted community.

In this, his distinctive trait of character, the Jesuit stood as the moral antipodes of the Puritan. In the latter, the Reformation presented its principle, the right of private judgment, as displayed in its barest, broadest shape. While, in the Jesuit, the man was naught, and the community was everything, with the Puritan, on the contrary, the society was comparatively nothing, and the individual all. With him religion was, in its highest privileges, and its profoundest mysteries, a personal matter. He studied his Bible for himself: to aid in turning its pages and loosening its seal, God the Son, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, stooped over him as he read; and to reveal its inner lessons, God the Spirit whispered in his heart, and brooded over the depths of his soul. He profited by the prayers and teachings of his pastor, gave liberally for his support, and received reverently at his hands the sacramental symbols; but he believed even this his beloved guide, companion and friend, but a fellow-servant, whose help could not supersede his own private studies, and his individual faith. He valued his fellow-Christians, communed with them, prayed with them, shared with them his last loaf, and falling into their ranks, raised with them the battle cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" But, away from pastor and from fellow-Christian, the Puritan turned in the trying hour to his God. It was the genius of this system to develop the individual; and in every emergency, to throw him in the last resort upon the lonely communings of his own soul with its Creator. It taught him to make religion, in the affecting language of one of the later Platonists, "The flight of one alone to the only One."* To the place of audience the petitioner went by no deputy; but the individual man was brought to confront for himself the one Mediator, and to hear for himself the response of Heaven to the prayer of faith. When mind was thus thrown upon its individual responsibility, and came forth from its solitary meditations to the place of conference and action, there was frequent dissonance in opinion; and a collision in action, often more apparent than real, threatened at times to rend the social bonds, to break up all concert, and to destroy

* Φύγη μου προς τον Θεον.

all power. Yet conscientious men were not likely to differ widely or long. And, on the other hand, take from such a community its spiritual guides, and how soon were they replaced. Persecute them, and how indomitable was their faith. Scatter them, and how rapidly were they propagated. Jesuitism gathered more numerous and united societies; but they were societies of men without consciences and without a will, whose judgments and souls were under the lock of the confessional, or were carried about under the frock of their Jesuit pastor. Kind he might be and faithful, but did death remove him, or persecution exile the shepherd and disperse the flock, they had no rallying power. Like the seeds from which the industrious ant has removed the germinating principle, the 'largest hoard, when scattered, brought no harvest.

It were a curious employment to trace the unwitting adoption, at times, in our own land, of this great principle of Romanism, of which the Jesuit order was the embodiment and incarnation, as if it were one of the radical truths of democracy—we mean, the principle of the absorption of the individual conscience into that of the mass. It is to some an essential law of democracy, that the many have unlimited power over the will and conscience of the few. Yet it would require little of time or of labor to show how fatal is such a principle to the rights of conscience and the interests of truth. God made man apart. Apart he is regenerated. Apart he dies. Apart he is judged. To each of us his Maker gave a conscience, but to none of us did he assign a conscience-keeper. Man was not made for society, but society was made for man. Back of its first institution, he some of his inalienable rights, and his first and most sacred duties. Communities of men, then, cannot receive, and should not ask, any transfer of conscience. Between a man's own spirit and his God, neither king, nor kaysar, nor congress, synod, nor pontiff, voluntary societies, nor compulsory societies, if such there be, may lay sceptre or crosier, edict or vote. The thing is a grand impertinence. When personal duty is involved, to his own Master the man stands or falls. We mean not these remarks for those duties which man owes to society, and where their laws may rightfully control and punish him. We speak of the far wider field over which some would extend those laws, and where they do not justly come, where a man walks accountable to his God only, and where, if human legislation follow him, it is usurpation upon the rights of man, and impiety against his Maker. We know how irksome to many is all noise of dissent and all free expression of private judgment. To remedy and reform all this dangerous independence, this ominous revolt against parental care, was the high attempt of Jesuitism. Let those, who envy to that society their fame and their fate, tread in their steps, breaking down the individual man to build up the man social.

Another remarkable feature in the Jesuit order, illustrated in the history of all their missions, was their fatal principle of accommodation—one in the use of which they alternately triumphed and fell. The gospel is to be presented with no needless offence given to the prejudices and habits of the heathen, but the gospel itself is never to be mutilated or disguised; nor is the ministry ever to stoop to compliances in themselves sinful. The Jesuit mistook or forgot this. From a very early period, the order were famed for the art with which they studied to accommodate themselves and their reli-

gion to the tastes of the nation they would evangelize. Ricci, on entering China, found the bonzes, the priests of the nation; and to secure respect, himself and his associates adopted the habits and dress of the bonzes. But a short acquaintance with the empire taught him, that the whole class of the priesthood was in China a despised one, and that he had been only attracting gratuitous odium in assuming their garb. He therefore relinquished it again, to take that of the men of letters. In India, some of their number adopted the Braminical dress, and others conformed to the disgusting habits of the Fakcer and the Yogee, the hermits and penitents of the Mohammedan and Hindoo superstition. Swartz met a Catholic missionary, arrayed in the style of the Pagan priests, wearing their yellow robe, and having like them a drum beaten before him. It would seem, upon such principles of action, as if their next step ought to have been the creation of a Christian Juggernaut; or to have arranged the Christian Suttee, where the widow might burn according to the forms of the Romish breviary; or to have organized a band of Romanist Thugs, strangling in the name of the virgin, as did their Hindoo brethren for the honor of Kalee. In South America, one of the zealous Jesuit fathers, finding that the Payernes, as the sorcerers and priests of the tribe were called, were accustomed to dance and sing in giving their religious instructions, put his preachments into metre, and copied the movements of these Pagan priests, that he might win the savage by the forms to which he had been accustomed. In China, again, they found the worship of deceased ancestors generally prevailing. Failing to supplant the practice, they proceeded to legitimate it. They even allowed worship to be paid to Confucius, the atheistical philosopher of China, provided their converts would, in offering the worship, conceal upon the altar a crucifix to which their homage should be secretly directed. Finding the adoration of a crucified Saviour unpopular among that self-sufficient people, they are accused by their own Romanist brethren of having suppressed in their teachings the mystery of the cross, and preached Christ glorified, but not Christ in his humiliation, his agony and his death. A more arrogant act than this the wisdom of this world has seldom perpetrated, when it has undertaken to modify and adorn the gospel of the crucified Nazarene.

But to Robert de Nobilibus, the nephew of Belarmine, and the near kinsman of one of the pontiffs, a man of distinguished talent and zeal, laboring in India, it was reserved to exhibit one of the worst instances of this fatal spirit. Finding the Bramins in possession of the spiritual power, he published abroad that the Bramins of Rome were the kindred, but the seniors and the superiors of those of India. Enmity may have charged him falsely, in declaring that he forged deeds, in which a direct descent was claimed for these Western Bramins from Brama himself, the chief god of Hindoo idolatry; but it is certain, that in this or some other mode he made the new faith so popular, that twelve, or, as some accounts state, seventy of the Indian Bramins became his coadjutors; and after his death, with the collusion of the Portuguese priests, the new sect went on still triumphing. But even the Romish see repudiated such conversions as these; and a bull from the Vatican extinguished the next communion. To this same able but treacherous laborer belongs the fame of another kindred achievement. He composed in the

language
tainty.
Vedam
the East
ability, d
translat
the hand
ancient
dom, and
its chie
while la
came in
progress
own sn
weapons
patriarch
of that
many e
modern
ancient
their ov
they un
gospel
We
Jesuit
Their
transla
prayer
Life of
The I
that la
acqu
author
althou
Theol
Script
dange
tory
of se
but t
churc
in th
up th
miss
the p
their
peop
Cele
Par
kno
whi
Nor
arie
fath
har
by
vol
not
Jes
ch
sh
de
th
ur
m
—
fo
w
pr
fr
m
in
is

language of the country a treatise in favor of Christianity. The work had the title of the *Ezour Vedam*. It was intended to sap the skepticism of the East; but so covertly, though with much ability, did it undertake the task, that having been translated and reaching France, where it fell into the hands of Voltaire, he pounced upon it as an ancient Braminical treatise, full of Oriental wisdom, and proving that Christianity had borrowed its chief doctrines from Eastern sources. Thus, while laboring to destroy unbelief in India, he became in the next century instrumental in aiding its progress in Europe. The Jesuit, caught in his own snare, was made from his grave to lend weapons to the scoffer; while the arch-mocker, the patriarch of French infidelity, entangled in the toils of that wilful credulity which has distinguished so many eminent unbelievers, quoted the work of modern Jesuitism as an undoubted monument of ancient Braminism. Thus are the wise taken in their own craftiness, when in their self-confidence they undertake either to patronize or to impugn the gospel of the Nazarene.

We need scarcely to name another defect of the Jesuit missions, which must have occurred to all. Their fatal neglect of the Scriptures. Even Xavier translated into Japanese but the creed, the Lord's prayer, and a brief catechism, and afterwards a *Life of the Saviour* completed from the Gospels. The *Lives of the Saints* afterwards appeared in that language. In the tongue of China the Jesuits acquired such proficiency as to become voluminous authors, writing, it is said, hundreds of books; but although they translated the ponderous *Sum of Theology* of Thomas Aquinas into Chinese, the Scriptures seem to have been thought a needless or dangerous book, and a compend of the gospel history was, we believe, their chief work in the form of scriptural translation. With no religious light but that emanating from the altar and pulpit, their churches were, when persecution veiled these, left in thick darkness. The Jesuits, anxious to shut up their converts into a safe and orthodox submission, seem to have preferred this fearful risk, to the peril of leaving the lively oracles to beam forth their living brightness upon the minds of their people. Hence the Catholics, lingering still in the Celestial Empire, and their Indian neophytes in Paraguay and California, have probably never known, scarce even by name, those Scriptures which are the rightful heritage of every Christian. Nor, for their own use, even, did their missionaries prize the Bible aright. Does the Jesuit father appear in the midst of a savage tribe to harangue them on his religion; or is he dragged by them a dauntless victim to the stake; the one volume, that is seen suspended from his neck, is not the Bible, but his breviary. In all this, the Jesuit was but acting with other Romanists. That church has assumed the fearful responsibility of shutting out the sunlight of divine revelation; undertaking in its stead to supply the reflected light, the moonbeams of tradition—a gentler brightness, under which no eye will be dazzled, by which no mind will be quickened into too rapid a vegetation—a dubious gloom, favorable alike to wonder, to fear, to slumber, and to fraud. But as the sun will shine, so the Scriptures live on. They who preach the truth, but give not the Bible, withhold from their own teachings the most authoritative sanction. Those, on the contrary, whose doctrine is a doctrine of falsehood, contravening and superseding the Scriptures, must yet one day meet that

light they would have obscured, and find themselves and all their doings tried by the standard they would have vainly displaced.

The Jesuit order has been recently revived. Restored in our own times to existence by that see for which they contended so valiantly and effectively, it remains to be seen how far they will resume their ancient fields, and with what measure of their first zeal and success. Were they to throw themselves into the current of the age with the sinewy vigor and lithe pliability of former times they may yet prove most formidable. Their power of attaching the heart is, by all who have closely observed them, confessed to be great. But the age is one far different from that in which they began their career, more impracticable, less liable to monopoly, and less patient of control.

The men of a purer faith may well emulate their fearless heroism, their courtesy, their patience and industry. Amid the snows of Canada and on the fir-clad shores of our western lakes, along the wilds where Orellana

“Rolls his world of waters to the sea,”

on the burning margin of Africa, in the sultry Hindostan, amid the millions of China and Japan, the fathers of the order of Loyola shrunk not from pain, or toil, or want, or death itself. When the plague wasted, and thousands were falling before it, in the deep pestilential holds of the galley where their Christian charge were held in bonds by their Turkish captors; or in the heathen land when persecution had unleashed all its emissaries of terror and death, the Jesuit missionary was seen manifesting a serene courage, his stanchest accusers might well envy. Had the order but fixed the cross in the heart, where they reared the crucifix in the market-place, had they given the Scriptures where they scattered legends, and labored for Christ as assiduously and boldly as they bled for the delusions of Antichrist, the whole history of the world had been altered. But had they done all this, the work of evangelizing the world would not have been left to become, as it is, the blessed privilege of our own age. The failures of others, their corruptions and their deficiencies, are part of the heritage of instruction that time has been accumulating for the benefit of the modern laborer, like the brass and iron of vanquished Syria, which David provided for the temple that was to be reared by the hand of his son, the favored Solomon.

The institution, on whose history we have dwelt, shows what a few resolute hearts may accomplish. When Ignatius with his first companions bound themselves, by a midnight vow, at Montmartre, near Paris, on the 15th of August, 1534, some three centuries ago, to renounce the world for the purpose of preaching the gospel, wherever the supreme pontiff might send them, the engagement, thus ratified in darkness and secrecy, beside the slumbering capital of France, was one most momentous to the interests of our entire race. That company of seven poor students, with but zeal, talent, and stout hearts, and a burning enthusiasm, formed then a bond far more important to the after history of mankind than most of the leagues made by kings at the head of embattled squadrons. We doubt if Talleyrand ever schemed, or Napoleon, in his highest flights of victory, ever dictated so significant an act. In its moral sublimity, the act far transcended that of Cortes and Pizarro receiving the mass in a Spanish church, upon their en-

gagement to set out for the subversion of an American empire. In the shadows of that subterranean chapel, where these first Jesuits thus bound themselves, fancy sees Africa, and Asia, and our own America, watching intently a transaction, that was to affect so deeply their subsequent history. It remains for those, rejoicing in the principles of the reformation, to bring the devotedness and intrepidity of the Jesuit to bear upon their own purer system, in the missionary field. With the incorruptible word of our God for our chosen weapon, victories impossible to them may become easy to us; and what was but too often a forgotten motto, on the surface of Jesuitism, may become a principle at the heart of the Protestant missionary, "*All for the greater glory of God.*"

In the missionary toils, that are to aid in ushering in this day, do we expect too much from the youthful scholars of our country? Are not its colleges already sheltering those who are destined to become the heralds of Christianity to the far heathen! On this theme, we would quote yet again from one on whose own history we should gladly have lingered longer, Francis Xavier. From one of his missions in Cochin China, this apostolic man wrote to the university of the Sorbonne, then the focus of theological science to Catholic Europe, in language much of which we doubt not a Carey or a Martyn would not have hesitated to adopt. "I have often thought to run over all the universities of Europe, and especially that of Paris, and to cry aloud to those who abound more in learning than in charity, O how many souls are lost to heaven through your neglect! Many would be moved. They would say, Behold me in readiness, O Lord! How much more happily would these learned men then live—with how much more assurance die. Millions of idolaters might be easily converted, if there were more preachers who would sincerely mind the interests of Jesus Christ and not their own."

The letter was read, admired, and copied. We may suppose there were those who applauded and transcribed that letter, but failed to obey its summons; to whose dying pillow that appeal came back, and sounded through the depths of the soul as the voice of neglected duty. May no such regrets disturb the hour of our dismissal. May a life, instinct with zeal for God and love to man, and crowded with effort, make death, whether it come late or soon, the welcome discharge of a laborer found toiling at his post. And, my young brethren in Christ, permit a stranger to hope, that among the honors of your Alma Mater, and especially of this missionary association gathered amongst her sons, it may yet be recorded, that hence went forth men, who, on the stock of a purer faith, grafted the zeal of Francis Xavier, and, emulating his virtues, won a success more durable, because the means they employed were more scriptural—men, who, sitting at the Master's feet, and reflecting his image, and breathing his spirit, were recognized, by an admiring world and an exulting church, as those who had been much with Christ and learned of him, and who belonged on earth, and would assuredly, through all eternity, continue to belong, of a truth, and in the highest sense of the words, to "*THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.*"

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.—The plan of organizing Juvenile Industrial Schools seems to be gaining on

* "*In majorem Dei gloriam,*" the motto of Loyola.

public attention in Scotland. On the evening of the 9th instant a public meeting of those favorable to this object was held in the Thistle Hall, at Dundee. Provost Brown was in the chair; supported by Lord Kinnaird, Mr. George Duncan, M. P., Sheriffs Watson and Henderson, and Sir John Ogilvy, besides many other gentlemen. The speeches were much to the purpose. Sheriff Watson gave an account of a school which had been established at Aberdeen with full success—

"From a return it was found that there were two hundred and eighty children in the city of Aberdeen who had no other way of living but by begging or stealing, thus being brought up as it were the inmates of a gaol, and ending their career by being transported. From the inquiries made, it was found that they almost without exception had become the inmates of the gaol because they had no other means of supplying their wants but by crime. Five or six years ago he proposed to open a school for feeding and educating the vagrant children. The scheme was generally considered a benevolent but an extremely absurd one. The question generally put was, 'Do you mean to feed and educate all the young beggars in Aberdeen?' After talking over the matter about a year, a few of the friends of the scheme met and subscribed about 100*l.* Of that sum, 60*l.* was raised at the time of subscription. It was proposed that they should commence operations immediately by opening a school for sixty boys. This was agreed to; so they told the police to send them a dozen or two of the worst boys they could catch.

"In five hours they had seventy-five scholars; most of whom they were told by the superintendent were the worst they could have got. Of these, only four could write, and fourteen read. This was a miserable state of things. The children were kept at school all day, and told to go home in the evening, and to remember that, if they did not come back again and were found begging in the streets, they would be subject to the same treatment. They all came back joyfully; and from that day, 19th May, 1845, not a child had been seen begging in the streets of Aberdeen.

"The ladies of Aberdeen opened a school for sixty girls, whose only title was the destitution of their parents; and he would venture to say that there was not a better conducted school in Britain. The children at these schools received food three times a day, and were sent home to their parents at night, to whom they thus acted as the best of home missionaries; and he trusted to hear of the same principle being acted upon in Dundee. 'Some legal-minded persons,' said Mr. Watson, 'asked, what right have you to take up the children; was it not a kind of wrongous imprisonment to do so? We told them that we asked the hungry children to dinner, and after giving them it they were dismissed.'"

At the Italian Scientific Congress, Professor Mayer of Bonn gave an account of his researches upon the influence of galvanic currents on the motion of the heart. The result was, that the current arrested entirely the pulsation for the time that it lasted: the motion being restored when the galvanic influence was withdrawn. The cause imagined was not so much paralysis or spasm, as a mechanical effect of tumefaction of the parts.

MR. CORDEN was entertained, a few days ago, at a grand banquet given to him by the vine proprietors of La Garonne.

CHAPTER XI.

It was about a fortnight after the discovery of the turtle, that I fell ill. Whether my illness arose from anxiety of mind—for celibacy every day appeared more and more threatening—or whether from the turtle itself, I never could determine. But ill I was—really ill. And when confined to my hut by fever and ague—for I am sure I had both—I had a terrible opportunity for lamenting the many times that I thought I had had the vapors, and had acted accordingly: that is, was sulky, feverish: and would shut myself up in my room, and feed myself on chicken broth, hartshorn, and romances. But now, I was really ill; and felt the full sense of my former wickedness. In this strait, my Emden groats were the best medicine for me; and by force of gruel—which, I am sure of it, is the noblest physic in the world, especially for the female habit—I got better of my malady; but was left in dreadful weakness. It was at this time, that, falling asleep, I recollect I had a strange and curious dream, that much perplexed me.

I thought that I was sitting in a beautiful garden, in which there were trees so high I could scarcely see their tops. And these trees, I thought, inclined towards one another, making a sort of green aisle, like the aisle of a church. And then suddenly I thought I saw a long chain, made of wedding-rings, let down from the roof: and a young man, with a beautiful red face, black hair, and whiskers that were a fortune in themselves, came down the chain, hand over hand, and toe over toe, and when he was alighted on the ground, he came—with his right hand spread over his bosom, and his figure gently inclined—timidly towards me. Then he dropt upon his knee, and plucking a ring from the chain, presented it to me; and then he took another—and another—and another; but I refused every one that was offered; and the rest of the chain fell with a crash to the ground, and the young man vanished; and the whole place was changed; and I found myself in a stone cell of about six feet square, drest in white muslin, with a skull in my hand, that my dreadful destiny made me continually kiss and kiss, although the cold bone made my heart colder and colder with every smack. And, at last, I thought the skull—though without eyes—gave a sort of knowing, triumphant wink, and I screamed at the impertinence—and, screaming, awoke.

When I came a little to myself, I recollected with bitterness the words of my dear father. Again and again he had assured me that he would find me out a husband, “a steady, respectable young man, and I could not divest my mind of the fancy that the skull in my hand was the property of that much-wronged individual. Whoever he had been, he was, I thought, dead, and was very properly sent to me in my dream to torment me. This vision continued for some days to distract me; but at length I became tranquillized; thanks to my native strength of mind, and the medicinal cordial I had brought from the wreck.

It was about this time, that, casting my eyes about my hut, I saw the fragment of a book that, among other things, I had brought from the ship. There were only a few leaves complete and legible, the rats and the salt water having mutilated and stained them. And these few leaves—strangely enough—contained the entire of the “Marriage Service.” They were a great consolation to me. A thousand and a thousand times did I read; and

—it may appear inconceivable—found the matter impart to me a melancholy, but mysterious delight. “Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?” I imagined this melodious question most melodiously delivered; and then—having nothing else to do—I would imagine many specimens of husbands, in many kinds of wedding-suits, with many different sorts of smiling looks, standing one by one before me. And in this way, in the very idleness of my heart, I would people my hut with a hundred masculine shadows, waiting for me to pronounce the thrilling—“I will.” There was hardly a gentleman of my former acquaintance—of course I speak of the single and the widowed—that imagination would not drag thousands of miles across the sea, and marry me to in that hut. “Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?” How often have I sunk to rest, with these words—mysteriously uttered—breathing in my ears, and my lips mechanically moving with “I will!”

“Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?” Here was another interrogation, thrilling the filial heart. How could I do otherwise than behold my venerable father—with a dew-drop glistening in either eye, and slightly coughing, to keep down emotion—how could I fail to behold him—happy, yet flustered; proud, but a little overcome—stepping forth at the question, with the look of a man resolved upon bestowing a priceless treasure upon a fellow-creature? “Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?”

Somehow these words continued to haunt me. I continually uttered them, almost ignorant that I did so. When seemingly absorbed in domestic occupations, my lips would breathe them. “Who giveth this woman?” And more; after a time I set them to a sort of involuntary chant, and, whether waking or idle, would monotonously sing, “Who giveth this woman?” In this way does a master—if I ought not rather to observe, a mistress—passion haunt us in solitude.

Of the effect of this I had a curious, and, for the time, a very startling instance. When I got about again, I took a wider circuit of the island than I had done before. First, however, I ought to state, that I had made myself a complete suit of rabbit-skins. It went to my heart to make them up from the fur inside—it was so much beauty lost. But, as I had to protect myself against the briars and brambles that, on every side, beset me in my walks, I had no remedy. And then I had this saving consolation in my affliction—a consolation so often sought for—nobody would know it; nobody would see me. But to return to my story. In the course of my rambles, I discovered that a very beautiful sort of grape grew in the island. I at once resolved to endeavor to make some real port and sherry. My mother’s currant wine was always sought far and wide; and though I had never condescended to assist at the making of it, I nevertheless was not altogether ignorant of the process. Besides, I could dry the grapes; and if it was my destiny to pass Christmas in solitude, at least I should not be without the consolation of something like a plum pudding.

Well, having made the discovery, I returned, carrying as many bunches of grapes as I could bear; and sat myself down, very much fatigued, taking little notice of anything. Suddenly I heard the words, delivered in a sharp clear voice—“Who giveth this woman?” I trembled from head to foot; for I forgot that I possessed a parrot (parrots

abounded in the island,) and I had domesticated a very young one. The bird, instructed by my frequent lessons, unconsciously given, had learnt the words; and from that time, a day did not pass over that the creature did not cry out—

“Who giveth this woman!”

CHAPTER XII.

THE reader will remember the cat of the ship that came ashore with me on the raft. Though, being an unmarried woman of a certain age, I at first disliked cats upon principle, the animal, in my solitary state was a comfort to me—a comfort known only to advanced spinsters. One morning I was surprised as I left the hut to find puss at the door—I had given her up for lost—with a kitten about a month old in her mouth. She gave evident signs of satisfaction as I caressed the little thing, and leaving it in my hands, departed, and returned from time to time, bringing each time a kitten—in all six. At length, kittens became so numerous, that I was compelled to put a restraint upon my feelings, and drown them. However, the reader will acknowledge that I was blest with a tolerable circle, when I count my rabbits, my parrots, and my cats. Having discovered that there were birds of Paradise in the island, I sought day after day to find their nests, that I might domesticate their young. This, however, I found to be impossible; and I am now of opinion that, as the bird of Paradise never alights on the ground, or alighting, is never able to get up again, that the creatures build high up in the clouds. How they manage it, it is not for me to explain: I leave that, as a privilege, to the reader. Despairing to obtain the bird alive, my next thought was to shoot one for my bonnet. True, there was nobody to see it; but it would have been a sweet satisfaction to myself to know that it *was* in my bonnet.

Speaking of nobody seeing me: it was (as may be conceived) a most perplexing circumstance that I was not able even to see myself. The reader, I hope, remembers the loss of my mirror. This loss I considered irreparable, when one day I recollected that my father once read to me an account of some barbarian Grecians, or Egyptians, or something of that sort, who made mirrors of polished steel. It struck me that I might make myself a looking-glass of this sort. And for this purpose, an old frying-pan that I had brought from the wreck afforded me the best means. The time taken to polish that piece of old iron would, I knew, be long and tedious; but then, I had more time on my hands than I knew what to do with; and then the thought that I was producing—however slowly—a looking-glass, would sweeten the labor past expression.

To work I went; and sifting some sea-sand through a lace-veil, and sticking the particles with wax to some brown paper, I scoured and scoured, until, after incredible labor, brightness began to appear. I cannot trust myself to explain my feelings when I saw the tip of my nose first dawn in the frying-pan. I seemed for the first time, for many a weary day, to feel the blessings of civilization. And, by degrees, all my nose was reflected, and—I pass over the labor of many months—then my chin and cheeks, and finally my whole face. The mirror at the best was not, to be sure, equal to a handsome quicksilver looking-glass; but there it was—a great improvement on the streams and ponds that, until that time, I had been compelled to resort to. I was a little shocked that the sun had turned

me so very brown, and sent such a shower of freckles about my eyes and nose. And then again, I had this comfort—for the thought in such moments was a comfort—that nobody could see me. With that belief at our hearts, what free agents we may very often become!

In good time, however—as it afterwards turned out—had I accomplished my mirror; for, one morning as I went towards the shore, I saw upon the sand the print of a naked foot. My heart beat so, I thought I should have dropt; but there it was—plainly the mark of a foot; and I knew it well, by its preposterous size, it could not by any possibility be my own foot. You may judge the twitter I was in. I sat down upon the sand. I looked closely into the foot. Was it a man's foot or a woman's? It was too small, I thought, for a man, and, as I believed, too large for a woman's; and then I recollected what large feet many of even my dearest acquaintance had. It was plainly a foot; I counted all the five toes.

And then, it appeared very strange to me that there should be the mark of only one foot. Was the owner of the foot one-legged? Was the other leg of wood? I searched, cautiously, but saw no other marks. It was plain that the island, or at least the adjacent islands, were inhabited; and my thoughts flew to my trunks, and took an involuntary inventory of all my dresses—my bonnets, and my loves of shawls, the late property of the late female passengers.

I went immediately to the highest parts of the island, and, with my double opera-glass, spied all about me. Not a soul was to be seen. And then I said to myself—“It may be the footmark of neither man, nor woman, but of some love of a spirit that has seen and adores me.”

CHAPTER XIII.

MY thoughts full of the foot-mark, it may be supposed that I slept but little that night. Indeed, for many nights afterwards, my rest was disturbed by dreams of cannibals; and again and again I deplored my roving habits and the inconstancy of my disposition. And then the thought returned, that the mark was not of a human foot, but that of a spirit, enamored of me. And then I would argue with myself—if a spirit, why should it leave its mark where it was only by the merest accident I saw it? Why not have come at once to my hut, and put the question? Again I would comfort myself that it was the mark of my own foot, grossly exaggerated, of course, by the wind or some other natural but mysterious cause. And then I again visited the foot-print, and, taking measure of its dimensions, felt that, under no circumstances, it could be mine.

Months passed on, and I was alternately agitated by these thoughts. Time, however, brought back my old composure; and I was once more enabled to stir abroad without the fear of being eaten. However, I took the precaution of never quitting home without my pistol, which I never fired. In the first place, I was afraid that the noise might be heard by the savages, if any were on the island; and in the next, I had always a very natural and very lady-like fear of fire-arms. Besides my pistol, I slung a sword—a cutlass, I believe they call it—over my shoulder; and thus equipped, my appearance very much reminded me of a lady that, in happier days, I had seen at Astley's.

I ought not to omit to state that, for better security of myself and property, I searched all over the

island, and happily discovered a deep dark cave, hollowed by art or nature (it matters not which) in a rock. To this place, with much trouble, I removed some of my very best dresses, my metal looking-glass, and other treasures that I valued most. In this cave I resolved, at the worst, to take shelter, should the savages threaten me.

One morning, when it was scarcely daylight—for I will say this for myself, I was always an early riser—I was astonished with seeing a light of some fire upon the shore, about two miles distant. I was convinced it was the fire of the savages, and ran back to my hut, to keep close for the day. Curiosity, however, forbade this, and I resolved to go forth and reconnoitre. Slinging my sword-belt, and looking to the priming of my pistol, whilst I trembled excessively, I sallied forth, and climbed a high hill to take a better survey. Laying myself flat upon the ground, and arranging the sight of my double opera-glass that I had taken on purpose, I saw about thirty savages—Amazons, all of them—dancing round a fire, and two victims ready to be roasted. One of these I saw fall, and the next moment the other bounded forward like an Italian grey-hound, running to the part of the island where my habitation was.

You may be sure of it, at this I was in a pretty twitter. However I lay close, and saw the frightened wretch come on, pursued by two of the Amazons; who, however, continued to lose ground with almost every step. Coming to a deep stream, the fugitive plunged in, one of the pursuers boldly following, but swimming heavily after the victim. The other paused at the brink of the stream, and—as the reader may have done in a bathing-machine—just felt the water with a single foot, withdrawing it, and shivering at the cold. Thus, I plucked up heart, for I found that I had but one enemy to contend with.

At this moment, it came into my thoughts that I should obtain what, all the time I had been upon the island, I had so much yearned for; namely, a lady's-maid, with no permanent followers. With this view, cocking my pistol, and drawing my sword, I rushed down the hill, and so placed my-

self between the runaway and the pursuer. Both parties, you may believe, were somewhat astonished to behold me; but, recovering from the surprise, the pursuing Amazon was quietly fixing an arrow—against which my rabbit-skin would have been but a poor defence—when, turning aside my head, and leaving my shot to luck, I snapped the trigger, and killed my woman.

Now, the sound of the pistol brought the savage who had fled, to a dead stand-still. Whereupon I made all sorts of encouraging motions to her to approach; using the same pantomime that, under the like circumstances, I had seen at the opera. At length, the poor wench took heart, and came gracefully—as to slow music—to me. Then she sunk upon her knees; then taking my foot—she was, I thought, evidently astonished at its smallness—she put it upon her head, as much as to say, she had a proper notion of the duty of a servant, and that I might, if I liked, duly trample upon her.

In a little time, the wench seemed to feel quite at her ease, and scratching up the sand, intimated that she would bury the dead Amazon; and this she did apparently with the greatest pleasure in life, in about a quarter of an hour.

After this, I took the girl to my hut, and gave her some raisins and biscuit; and what seemed at once to win her heart, a few drops of *Eau de Cologne* on lump-sugar, at which her eyes began to sparkle, and to remind me of my boarding-school days at Blackheath.

The girl was, for a negress, a very good-looking girl. I have seen much flatter noses, and much bigger lips owned by white Christians. Her figure, too, was, for a savage, very genteel. Her feet, to be sure, were a little clumsy; but, then, when we come seriously to think of it, how very few people have small feet!

It was extraordinary how soon the wench began to talk and understand me; whereupon, I let her know that her name was Friday, as she began service with me on that day. And I was very grateful when I looked upon her. For I thought to myself, "Now I no longer need make my own fire, and can henceforth have my breakfast in bed."

MATRIMONIAL DICTIONARY.

DEAR is a term of entreaty, usually employed before strangers. It is meant to imply affection. It is sometimes used at home, but is generally received with suspicion.

MY DEAR. The above with a slight infusion of dignity.

DUCK. A term of affection that goes in with the wedding-day, and goes out with the honey-moon.

DUCKEY. The comparative of Duck.

TOOTSY, MOOTSY, and all words ending in *tsy*, are terms of great endearment. The exact meaning of them has never been ascertained. They are never heard after thirty.

PSEA! A powerful contradiction, or involuntary dissent.

NONSENSE. A negative of intense contempt.

DEARY ME. An exclamation of great impatience—a word expressive of the fidgets.

BOTHER means trouble, irritation, teasing, vexation. It is a word of petulant anger in great request. "Don't bother me" is equivalent to the French "*tu m'embêtes.*"

LOVE is only used when coaxing is required, as "Do; there's a love." It is also a superlative, conveying the highest praise, *ex. gr.* "The love of a fellow." "The love of a goose."

TOODLEDUMS. See Tootsy.—*Punch.*

THE LONDON GOLD FISHERIES.—A new commerce has lately sprung up in London. The flower-pot season is over; the crockery business is broken up; bird-cages hang on hand; and the only commodity at present which seems to open the hearts and pockets of housekeepers, are gold fish. They are sold alive, and are carried about from house to house in large bowls. The price of a good-sized couple is an old pair of boots. If two more are thrown in, they fetch a great-coat. Husbands cannot be too much on their guard, and are recommended to look closely after their wardrobes, as this new kind of bait takes wonderfully with women, and young wives have been found to bite very readily at these gold fish. They are very plentiful; and this new custom of sending round the bowl, promises to be very profitable to those who have taken it in hand.—*Punch.*

From the Spectator, 19 Sept.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE arrangements for the double marriage at Madrid go forward, in spite of the anticipated obstructions. The dreaded Cortes has met, and is even reported to seem pleased with the project.

Meanwhile, the diplomatic turmoil about the affair continues, most favorably for newspaper writers; furnishing articles fierce and innumerable, to the journalists of London, Paris, and Madrid. One would think that heaven and earth were coming together, instead of the Infanta Luisa and the Duc de Montpensier. Mr. Bulwer is undoubtedly writing most able notes in Madrid, putting the received constitutional doctrines into neat official language; Lord Normanby is described as bullying M. Guizot in Paris; Queen Victoria is said to have written severely to King Louis Philippe, and some London journals let it be understood that their foreboding menaces reflect the lowering aspect of Lord Palmerston. "The gentlemen connected with the press" burst with indignation at the small deference shown to them by the parties to the Montpensier marriage. You would think that Lord Palmerston and "we" were the slighted guardians, if not the offended father. Now, we are not aware that when Queen Victoria married Prince Albert, she asked leave of the Spanish ambassador, or even took counsel of the Madrid *Heraldo*.

Mr. Bulwer is careful to allow Queen Isabella a choice, if it be a free one. This is a most shallow pretence. The queen is not sixteen years of age; and if she were not guided by those about her, she really would be "as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile"—not at all a proper person for Mr. Bulwer's approbation.

One absurdity pervades the whole affair—the refinement of sagacity which amplifies dangers in the remote future that may never exist. No royal alliances could well make Spain a worse neighbor than she is; but, we repeat, a little infusion of better blood into the Spanish line *might* make her a better neighbor; and, at all events, there is a ludicrous frivolity in the solemn air with which, amid the present anarchy of the Peninsula, some far-seeing folks desery the perils to arise through the union of the young people and its obstetrical contingencies.

FREE trade and its merits appear to occupy the attention of the French in a degree second only to the affair of the Montpensier marriage; which the economical question is likely to supersede in enduring interest. Three Parisian journals are exerting themselves with great zeal in the cause of free trade; these are the *Journal des Débats*, the official organ of the government; the *Époque*, which is supposed to enjoy the special confidence of M. Guizot; and the *Courrier Français*, an opposition paper, noted for its attention to topics of political economy in general. M. Bastiat, the well-known dissector of protectionist sophistry, and Leon Faucher, author of a work on England, written with a careful study of his subject almost unique in France, are leading writers in the *Courrier*. *La Presse*, which as yet stands alone in its championship of protection, is the representative not of the ministers, but of the party that supports them. Thus, at the outset of the struggle, France seems about to present a repetition of what we have lately witnessed at home—a conservative party divided against itself; a ministry arrayed against a portion

of its ordinary supporters, and backed by those who are usually its opponents. The *Journal des Débats* has put forth a series of long and elaborate articles, in which it minutely discusses the rival policies, and arrives at the conclusion that the time is come when French industry can with safety and advantage dispense with the leading-strings of protection, and the tariff may undergo a large reduction in many of its details. *La Presse* supports the opposite side of the question with great spirit and ingenuity; but with an acrimonious insolence that betokens rather a wish to gratify the passions of its party than a conviction of the soundness of its cause. Captious special pleading on isolated passages in speeches delivered by Mr. Cobden forms the staple of its rhetoric. It asserts that the English corn-laws, their causes and consequences, were in all respects things so peculiar to Great Britain, that nothing in their history can be rightly drawn into a precedent for the guidance of other countries. It alleges, too, that we are not sincere in our new profession of the free-trade faith; that we did not abandon protection until by means of it we had attained a position to need it no longer; and that France, which has not yet reached that point, can only do so by following the course we have actually pursued, and *not* by hearkening to our insidious counsels, or suffering herself to be beguiled by a false interpretation of our example. It is apparent, from the earnest manner in which the discussion is conducted on both sides, that the question of free trade is felt to be about to assume a position of great practical importance in France.

In the remoter parts of the globe, in the Colonial order of states, there are some interesting movements.

According to the latest tales from Algeria, Abd-el-Kader is growing more formidable than ever. By his pertinacious war upon the infidel, he has earned the reputation of a saint hero, and is likely to receive a remarkable military canonization. On the other hand, Abd-er-Rahman of Morocco has long tolerated the English, has yielded to the French—most serious heresies against the supremacy of the Mussulman sabre. Abd-er-Rahman reigns in Morocco, but does not govern; if any one governs in any part of that shaky empire it is the fugacious Arab victor: his authority is gradually superseding the imperial rule; and the emperor may soon be obliged either to abdicate by order of the emir, or openly to espouse his cause. In either case, France would attempt the invasion and annexation of Morocco: a puzzling *éventualité* for Great Britain; how would she suffer the absorption of her old commercial ally? would she be willing to engage in war with France to maintain the independence of Morocco? or what third alternative offers?

Mexico, at the date of the latest advices, is in the agonies of a counter-revolution; recalling Santa Anna to supersede Paredes. How remarkable is the concurrent fate of the Spanish race on both sides of the Atlantic—courting foreign encroachment by the impossibility of self-government!

From the Spectator, 26 Sept.

THE aspect of Spanish affairs grows as dark and troubled as intriguers and journalists can make it. Much of the turmoil is spurious; but if mischief do not ensue, it will not be the fault of those who magnify the disorder and prophesy worse.

Divers journals aver that Spain is convulsed with

anger at the Montpensier marriage; but the evidence in support of the assertion is by no means so palpable as it should be. It was predicted that a formidable opposition would be made in the Cortes: there has been none of much weight; and the predictors get out of that difficulty by declaring that the acquiescence is the effect of corruption. The people of Madrid are described as being in a dangerous state of hostility; and the specific evidence of that mood is, that a party of bullfighters hooted a tailor who was supposed to be like the Duc de Glucksberg. Catalonia was reported to have risen against the project; it now turns out that the rising was not very different from the ordinary Carlist attempts of the past. In short, Spain is not a tranquil country; which is no novelty.

The most genuine disturbance no doubt exists in the breasts of certain royal individuals, who conceive their personal rights and projects to be endangered by the match. The youthful Don Enrique finds the romance which he has been performing end not at all as it should; and he carries his complaints to the Cortes, in the shape of a protest. The tale he tells, or rather insinuates, is curious. He was invited to Madrid, by his father, to negotiate a marriage between Queen Isabella and himself; he was not complying on certain points, and was then dismissed from the country. At Paris he learned the reason; he had not been willing to acquiesce in the marriage of his younger cousin Luisa, with the Duc de Montpensier; if he would have done that, you are given to understand, he might have had Queen Isabella. His brother has been more complying; the younger son's magnanimity is frustrated, and he protests. This tale proves at least that the Montpensier match is no sudden affair; indeed, it was to be anticipated from the time that the two French princes joined Queen Isabella on her tour in the provinces.

The Count of Montemolin also conceives his rights to be infringed. Don Carlos "abdicated" in favor of his son; which was very obliging in spirit, though the excellent prince was really in possession of nothing to abdicate. However, Don Carlos Luis at once entered into possession of the said nullity, created himself Count of Montemolin, and signified that he was willing to marry the Queen of Spain; a compact which seems to have been firmly concluded—in his own mind. Queen Isabella has broken it by marrying her other cousin Don Francisco; and the count thinks it due to himself to create a rebellion. He issues a manifesto inviting the Spanish nation to take his part, runs away from Bourges, and comes to London in search of aid. We perceive no sign that his mission will be very successful. The most legitimist journals offer him cold support; we do not hear that any legitimist noble or M. P. has broken in upon his privacy.

However, all these cross purposes are meat and drink to a certain whig section of the liberal party in London, for whom at present the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Times* utter duplicate "leading articles," of a very Palmerstonian stamp. Spain is to take the place of Syria, and we are to be entertained once more with the official war-dance of 1840!

Spectator, Oct. 3.

The tumult in Ireland increases. Some parts are in a state of permanent riot, and the first blood has been shed. Notwithstanding the laudable spirit that has been observed, the difficulties pre-

sented by the people themselves appear to grow with the emergency. This is not said in the way of blame, which would be quite idle; but it is very necessary distinctly to note the fact. The people, no doubt, are reduced to the verge of starvation, and much may be pardoned to the struggles of desperation, to the delirium of physical suffering; but it is painful to see the manner in which the whole nation receives the aid extended to it. The chief sufferers meet the gift of relief with an increase of their habitual supineness, or with their ruling passion—that of quarrel. When in actual want of food they quarrel with the food given them—with their wages—with the kind of employment; and, altogether, do their best to confound destitution with a state of social revolt. The manner in which they are treated by those "above" them is not less painful to notice. Some, like Mr. John O'Connell, threaten that there will be bloodshed; and lo! there is bloodshed. The "Liberator," the "father of his country," breaks out into boundless demands that England should "give," almost as if he meant to provoke alarm at the prospect of the mad expenditure in Ireland and its economical consequences. The great body of landlords, with less ostentation of extravagance, are "presenting" local improvements which will involve a ruinous outlay; calculating, we are told on trustworthy authority, that they will be never called upon to repay their share of the expenditure.

Meanwhile, experience fearfully multiplies and strengthens doubts whether the official rulers have taken a fit position for controlling the storm. The object of the labor-rate act, to give food in return for employment, is excellent; but in the working, the statute does not seem to reserve to its administrators sufficient hold over it. It is everywhere being converted into "a gigantic system of unproductive labor;" diverting the industry of the country, such as it is, from the substantial improvement of natural resources, and over-stimulating those "habits of laborious indolence" which are the fatal disease of the nation.

With all this excess, it nevertheless seems paradoxically doubtful whether the measures taken by government are sufficient for their purpose—for securing to the people subsistence under the total annihilation of their staple food. Ministers, in fact, have been obliged to depart from their plan—that of not interfering in the actual supply of provender: under threats of suicidal excesses to be committed by the people, government does send large supplies of food.

It must be confessed that the oft vaunted public discussion does not give ministers much help in their gigantic task. There is a clamor of extortionate demand sufficiently bewildering; there is in that cry enough of real agony to compel the utmost efforts to soothe it. Human nature could not resist the impulse to do anything that occurs at the moment in order to allay sufferings so shocking in their nature and in their universality.

In the midst of the hubbub, the still small voice of political economy keeps up a strain of didactic censure on the mode of assistance, which is calculated scarcely to suggest better methods, but rather to increase the distraction of mind.

It is, indeed, very desirable that even in the very storm and whirlwind of their sympathy, the official rulers should do nothing which might aggravate future difficulties, or gratuitously create them. Are ministers really masters of the "situation?" Reconsideration of the labor-rate act is promised;

stores of food are sent hither and thither, as the starvation here and there appears to grow more intense; where tumultuous disorder raises its perverse head, military appear to repress it: so far there is due preparation; but something more is needed than this topical method of treatment with specific remedies *pro re nata*. Ministers, we do not doubt, mean the best. There cannot be any intention of attempting to meet the monstrous emergency of the time with the narrow and pedantic dogmas of political economy that have been obtruded. You might as well send Mr. Porter's Blue Books to a starving family in St. Giles'. A true political economy, indeed, would extend its scope to the full breadth of the occasion. Some of those who retain their cooler senses in the turmoil are wasting their logic in reciting formulas about the ordinary workings of trade. There is no question now of the ordinary workings of trade. The true question is, not how to supply food by the methods which under ordinary circumstances are the best, but how to supply it by methods suitable to the extraordinary circumstances. A full consideration of all the facts—of all the needs of Ireland, all the resources that England can command, all that is possible to legislation—would, there is no doubt, suggest measures at once adequate to the emergency and beneficial to the permanent interests of the nation. Some Irish papers are wrong in supposing that we would urge "confiscation." We urge nothing of the sort. But in a period of actual social disorganization, we do say that nice punctilios should not stand between the awful necessities of Ireland and any measure which would supply substantial relief. The idea of a "confiscation," as it is called—that is, the conversion of a nominal into an actual ownership, with full compensation of existing interests, and newly-created powers really to fulfil the duties of property, is one which is creeping out in various quarters. The *Dublin World* traces the idea in other journals of different politics: it is to be seen in Mr. Osborne's letter, in Mr. Poulette Seroupe's.

Whether parliament will meet in November or not is doubtful. Some suppose that ministers will proceed on their own responsibility, calculating upon an act of indemnity. Both plans would have their advantages. That would be best which would admit of the widest scope of view, the most unprejudiced policy, and the most vigorous activity.

FRANCE also has its dearth and its violences. Bread is continually rising, and the people suffer more and more, with small prospect of alleviation in the winter. The efforts to provide for the indigent appear, to the English view of such matters, little and inefficient—a "drop in the ocean." The people resort to a ready beacon of distress—incendiary fires. But not having, like Ireland, a richer relation to use and abuse, France bears its share of the general dearth with less disorganizing agitation in the several classes of society; venting its political spleen on the Spanish marriage affair.

THE interest of the Montpensier marriage dispute begins to narrow with the approach of the catastrophe. The Duc de Montpensier has actually left Paris, and by this time must be almost married; a practical fact which throws a nugatory character, an air of antiquity, over the protest that the British ambassador has just presented to the

French government against the match. What kind of a protest it was it is impossible to gather from the conflicting statements, which represent it as very decided or very mild, according to the wish of the writer. The historical facts of the case are equally obscure: in one description M. Guizot looks "pleased," in another he looks "flushed," and it is impossible to verify the reports; so that we cannot assist the reader to ascertain whether the distinguished gentleman who helps to create materials for the histories that he writes really did look pleased, or flushed, or neither, or both. It is equally obscure—so manifold are the unqualified assertions of "the best possible instructors"—what Mr. Bulwer is doing in Madrid; what Lord Palmerston is doing in London. Upon the whole, the apprehensions of any real litigation are subsiding. The most probable guess is, that the Normanby note was not quite so energetic—that is, not quite so rash—as its newspaper harbingers in London would have made us believe; and it is supposed, with probability, that even so much of a "spirited" "tone" as the British government may have taken is intended, not really to signify hostility, but to fulfil the old notion of bullying France out of some incidental advantages—those "vulgar considerations," &c., which have been ostensibly deprecated. We do not see how that would mend the matter. The vast importance or efficacy of these "tones" is falling into doubt, although the diplomatic gentry, who pique themselves upon their ingenuity in the game, may be unable to relinquish old habits. Friendly demeanor and ingenuous openness are the best modes for all great and honest purposes—aye, even in diplomacy.

THE accounts we continue to receive from Rome are of a tenor so uniformly pleasing, that they begin to excite an unwonted sort of anxiety. All seems "too good to last." The enthusiastic loyalty that now animates the Roman people has no parallel in the annals of the papacy. Rome has had 251 Popes; but in all that long list there is not one whose popularity ever equalled that of Pius the Ninth, even thus early in his reign, or was testified by so many fervent demonstrations of public gratitude and affection. The good pontiff has even been obliged to moderate the too exuberant zeal and gladness of his subjects; and gently to recall them to the more sober pursuit of their ordinary avocations, by assigning a term to the public rejoicings in the several towns of his dominions. Never was there a more signal change produced on the temper of a discontented and turbulent people by the exalted personal qualities of the sovereign. All his acts bespeak a practical and enlightened spirit of justice and benevolence. He began by granting a general amnesty; he is now taking steps to improve and extend the means of public education, especially among the most neglected portion of the population. The class of youths that have hitherto been educated only for the galleys and the galleys, are to be taught useful trades, and to be formed to military service. "This measure," says the cardinal secretary of state, "would be attended with two great advantages: 1. The removal of the young men from the places where they contract bad habits, and from ready opportunities to injure and disturb society; 2. The formation of a military nucleus consisting of good soldiers and clever noncommissioned officers, capable of training an efficient army." Pius

the Ninth has granted the permission his predecessor refused for the construction of railways in the papal states; he negotiates treaties of commerce with other governments; and is introducing order and economy into the finances. He offers a welcome to the genius and learning of Italy, as represented in the Scientific Congress; he has relaxed the severity of the censorship; and has gradually got rid of the corrupt police of his predecessors, and put better men in their places. Of course, all this is not done without encountering more or less opposition. The pope's extraordinary popularity, as well as the energy and firmness of his character, forbid all open resistance; but whatever can be done in passively obstructing his measures is practised to the utmost limit of safety by the enemies of reform. It was not to be expected that the odor of his virtues should at once sweeten the tainted atmosphere of the Roman curia; but he appears to command the services of at least one high functionary, Cardinal Gizzi, who is not unworthy to second the designs of such a master. How long will this continue? Open hostility must come from some quarter; but when, whence, or how?—that is the question. Austria looks sulky enough; but as yet she only mutters angrily between her teeth. The Duke of Modena, indeed, ex-carbonaro, seems disposed to head the forlorn hope of absolutism. His protégés, the Jesuits, are preaching on the dangers that now threaten the Holy See! The duke and the reverend fathers have, no doubt, peculiar sources of information on that topic. The politician who longs for the regeneration of Italy almost desires to see the better spirit that has risen in Rome more severely tested by all the opposition that declining absolutism can muster; but as yet that spirit seems to quail, afraid to declare itself.

The admiral's despatches from the late scene of action at Borneo have been received since our last number. It results from them, that we have inflicted on the sultan a lesson which may, or may not, make a lasting impression upon him; but we have not obtained any diplomatic advantage, or any solid security for the future.

THERE is some intelligence from the West; but it adds little to what we already knew. Mexico remains as before, in the agonies of welcoming Santa Anna. And the United States characteristically display an army encamped near New York, to set out for the conquest of California; with a commander against whom had been issued a writ of *ne exeat*, on account of his debts; an amusing union of "indebtedness" and "annexation."

THE FATE OF MEXICO.

NEVER did a mail bring intelligence more ominous for Mexico than that which has arrived this week. Not that Paredes has proved a leader equal to the emergency; nor that Santa Anna is a worse commander. The reputation of the recalled exile indeed is tainted with the worst suspicions for the ruler of a republic: he is said to share with his countrymen that gambling mania which so often obliterates every sense of honor; and he is reported even to have offered his country for sale to the United States! But a knavish leader is better for Mexico just now than a weak one: it would be worse for the country to surrender, under conquest,

at discretion, than to be sold on advantageous terms.

Yet it would be well if the Mexicans were to reflect on the probable and practical consequences of their subjugation by the republicans of the union. History is not bare of cogent instances. The Dutch of New York started on tolerably equal terms as respects personal and local privileges, and though they were overborne by the numerical proportion of the British race collectively, they have not suffered by the amalgamation; but their cousins the Germans, under the name of redemptioners, were slaves to the shrewd and unscrupulous colonists of the Anglo-American race. What has become of the French in Florida and Louisiana? The French Canadians have watched, and could tell how they would dread national extinction as the consequence of annexation. Observe even at this day the "Native American" spirit, and its tendency to trample on the Irish Celt. What Spaniards remain in Texas—how many still hold land there? And if they do, what is their condition? What is now passing in California?

If they open their eyes, the Mexicans will find no difficulty in discerning the immediate practical consequences to them of annexation, whether partial or entire, whether by defeat and conquest, or by bargain and sale. However fair-spoken the terms of the treaty of cession, whatever the territorial privileges granted to the newly-annexed state, the Mexican race would sink to a level only above that of the Negro. The "Native American" spirit, already unbounded by the Rio del Norte, would soon oust the Mexicans from political ascendancy. But the race would not suffer only in its collective capacity: the law would be made to favor the ascendant law-makers; and in one way or another the process of confiscation, begun in California even before it is absorbed, would be carried on vigorously and steadily against the *individuals* of the Mexican blood. The period of transition would be a melancholy one; while the Anglo-American race was growing in numbers and ascendancy, the Mexicans would be gradually losing their civil power and their individual property. National degradation would be accompanied by personal beggary. It might take a generation to complete the process; but what would be the feelings of the dispossessed Mexicans while thus *cuckooed* and driven like the "wild Irish" before the Anglo-Normans, from their homes and property? what the feeling of the sons of those Mexicans—a dwindling race of gipsies warned off the lands of their fathers?

Be Mexico conquered by the United States or sold, such is the fate that hangs over Mexicans, so long as their weakness tempts incursion.—*Spectator*, 19 Sept.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

THE feasibility of cutting through the neck of land that unites the two continents of America, has been affirmed, well nigh, till all men doubt it. A project so long talked of, and only talked of, has come at last to be generally regarded in the light of an idle speculation not worth the notice of practical men. This scepticism is very natural, but it is certainly erroneous. The thing will be done, and done probably at no distant day. Why should we doubt this when we have seen achievements of greater apparent difficulty accomplished within the last quarter of a century? Our age, of which it has been said and sung in jeremiades without number,

that it is prosaic, material, unimaginative, and so forth, is at least remarkable for the boldness with which it subdues the unembodied imaginings of its predecessors to the domain of palpable reality. To wage obstinate war against all obstacles of time and space appears to be the peculiar bent of our generation; and instead of supposing that human enterprise will submit, as it has done for the last three hundred years, to be thwarted by the narrow barrier that separates the Atlantic from the Pacific, we should rather see in the long past duration of the evil so much the more reason for its speedy extinction. It is a thousand years since Charlemagne planned a line of canal between the Main and the Danube, so as to effect a continuous inland navigation through the heart of Europe from the German Ocean to the Black Sea. That work was finished a few months ago: it had been talked about for a thousand years; often sneered at as a visionary scheme; nay, proved by learned arguments in our day to be impracticable; twelve years sufficed for its completion.

Last week, the *Moniteur* announced the success of a commissioner who had been deputed by "The French and English Company of the Isthmus of Panama" to treat with the government of New Grenada for the construction of a railway across the isthmus. The conditions of the contract have been discussed between the company's agent and a commissioner *ad hoc* appointed by the president of the republic; and a preliminary agreement duly signed by the Grenadan commissioner has been officially communicated to the company.

A railroad, or even a good common road, across the Isthmus of Panama would be a valuable boon to the country through which it passed, and would not be devoid of utility to commerce; but it would be immeasurably inferior in importance to a ship-canal between the two oceans, and would by no means supersede the necessity for that grand highway for the navigation of the world. It is another question, whether a railway in Panama would pay; and this, we think, may at least be doubted. It would be chiefly useful in expediting the transit of mails and passengers; but so limited a traffic, taking place only once a month, would surely not suffice to defray the cost of maintaining the railway all the year round. What is wanted is a maritime channel, which should enable merchant-vessels of the largest class to avoid the expense, danger, and loss of time, incident to doubling Cape Horn, and to pass from ocean to ocean without discharging their cargoes, or being delayed more than two or three days in the isthmus. Anything short of this—any means of communication which should render transshipments necessary—would be quite nugatory as regards the main interests of commerce, whatever might be the secondary advantages resulting from it.

It would be fortunate if such a canal as we have described could be cut through the Isthmus of Panama (proper,) which is but forty-one miles wide; but the impossibility of doing this has been fully proved by M. Garella, an engineer who surveyed the isthmus by order of the French government, and the result of whose investigations was published in the *Journal des Débats* on the 15th of January, 1846. To say nothing of the want of sufficient harbors at either end of the canal in this locality, a tunnel would be requisite, capable of giving passage to ships of 1,200 tons burden with their lower masts standing. It would have to be

cut through a solid porphyry rock; its dimensions would be about eight times those of the Box tunnel; and the cost of excavating it, estimated by M. Garella at two millions sterling, would probably not fall far short of five times the amount.

Scarcely a doubt remains that the most eligible locality for the proposed work is in the isthmus of Tehuantepec, in the Mexican territory. It is true the land is much wider here than at points farther south, but it presents, in the tableland of Tarifa, the only gap as yet discovered in the granite chain that extends from Behring's Straits to Tierra del Fuego. The total breadth of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is 140 miles; but the greater part of this space is occupied on the south by lagoons, which could easily be converted into a commodious harbor, and on the north by the Coatzacoalcas, a river of great volume, admitting the largest vessels at all seasons to a distance of thirty-five miles from its mouth, (lat. 18° 8' N.,) and capable of being made navigable twenty-five miles further. The canal to be excavated would therefore be but fifty miles long. The highest point to be surmounted is 200 metres (218 yards) above the level of the Pacific, and 160 metres above the Atlantic; the ascent and descent would be effected by means of 150 locks. Water for feeding the canal can be had in abundance at the summit level. The Mexican government has assigned to the projector of the canal, Don José de Garay, the fee simple of nearly five millions of acres in the isthmus, together with the privilege of establishing colonies over a breadth of fifty leagues on either side of the canal.* The foreign colonists are to enjoy all requisite immunities, and even the right of working the virgin mines which are known to exist beneath the surface. The isthmus possesses a fine salubrious climate, and in many places a most fruitful soil. Timber for ship-building, dye-wood, mahogany, and other fine-grained trees, are to be had in profusion in the forests of the Coatzacoalcas. The supply of animal food is inexhaustible; and nature has neglected nothing that could mark out this region as one of the most eligible for colonization on the face of the globe. Hence arises one of the most striking advantages which the scheme we have been considering possesses over all its rivals. It would not be necessary to encounter at once the risk and cost of excavating the canal. All that is requisite in the first instance is to transport to the spot an industrious and well-disciplined population, who, after completing a temporary communication between the two oceans, would develop the immense resources of the country, and draw from them the means of completing the grand design.

There are political circumstances, to which we cannot for the present do more than allude, but which call for the establishment in Tehuantepec of a well-organized colony under the protection of England† and France, as a matter of vital importance to Mexico, and of proportionate interest to her allies.—*Spectator*, 19 Sept.

* See "An Account of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in the republic of Mexico; with Proposals for establishing a Communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, based upon the Survey and Reports of a Scientific Commission appointed by the Projector, Don José de Garay." London: 1846.

† The readers of the *Living Age* will please to note this proposed alliance of European monarchies. It looks comparatively small here, but would grow to a vast matter.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR MEXICO?

It is high time that we in England should take into serious consideration the question, What can be done to save the miserable and impotent republic of Mexico from extinction as an independent nation? Apart from all the problematical evil consequences of its absorption into the United States—and they are momentous—the fate of Mexico has an immediate practical importance for all classes of men in this country, being inseparably identified with that of a vast amount of British capital. Expunge Mexico from the list of nations, and with the same blow you put out the fires on thousands of English hearths. Already we have suffered enough by the waste and decay of the wealth we have invested in that country; the annihilation of what remains would scatter bankruptcy among our merchants, paralyze our industry, disorder all the functions of our national life, and spread starvation among our working classes. And this is the conclusion to which events are tending in a rapid and accumulating flood, that must inevitably bear down all such flimsy barriers as Santa Anna's countrymen can set up against it.

That the United States are bent on seizing the whole Mexican territory is a fact they scarcely condescend to disguise. The manner in which they intend to effect their purpose is also apparent; it is the same as that by which they have already secured Texas; the same piratical system as that by which they had begun to possess themselves of Louisiana, before they had the opportunity of acquiring it in the more legitimate way of purchase. The present petty warfare they are waging on the frontier is but an episode in the great plot. General Taylor's force is but the precursor of the real army of invasion—the squatter and backwoodsman, men in whom it is a hereditary and invincible instinct always to depart from before the approach of civilization, to avoid every spot where law has become established, and never to feel themselves thoroughly at home except on debatable ground. By men like these, coming by twos and threes, then by scores and hundreds, and finally in multitudes, like carrion birds to the quarry, the northern provinces of the republic will be overrun; and thence, the process will be continued until the whole territory is filled and mastered by these unprincipled and desperately energetic immigrants. Already many of the provinces have shown a willing alacrity to meet the destiny they foresee; not from any affection they bear to their encroaching neighbors, but because they are weary of anarchy, hopeless of relief from their own wretched nominal governments, and eager to accept the blessings of law and order from any power strong enough to secure them.

Mexico must be tranquillized, and her strength consolidated by good and stable government, or she is lost. This has long been felt by her allies; and they have even suggested and indirectly urged the adoption of the means that seemed to them most likely to bring about the desired result. The proposed panacea was the conversion of the republic into a monarchy, the sceptre of which should be swayed by some European royal cadet. It is needless to discuss the abstract merits of this plan, since it is a mere figment of political speculation, at present beyond the scope of any practical discussion.

There is but one sure way to save Mexico, and that is, to transfer fresh, healthy blood into her lan-

guid veins; to colonize a portion of her magnificent territory with a people worthy to occupy and able to defend it. If Mexico were to mingle a portion of the Anglo-Saxon* element with her population, she might venture to cope with the moiety of that indomitable race that now threatens her existence. In our paper, last week, on the project of cutting a ship-canal through the great American isthmus, we pointed out the admirable opportunity now offered for peopling the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and realizing the incalculable natural advantages of one of the most eligible commercial sites on the face of the globe. That majestic region, teeming with boundless wealth, washed by two oceans, traversed through half its breadth by a navigable river, which offers at its mouth the finest harbor in the Gulf of Mexico, may now be secured by Englishmen. Will they refuse to accept a region which was selected by the sagacious mind of the great conqueror Cortes to constitute his own private domain? If so, the French will be delighted to grasp the prize we disdain.—*Spectator*, Sept. 26.

WAR AGAINST SPAIN AND FRANCE.

THERE are appearances as if it were intended to prepare the public mind in this country for a speedy declaration of war by the British government against Spain and France. The signs, indeed, of such a purpose are not very trustworthy—they may be nothing more than journalism guessing at eventualities; yet one feature in the case is remarkable. In the two principal papers of London has been published, in close paraphrase, what is all but a threatened declaration of war against the Spanish and French governments. The anticipatory versions of a forthcoming speech from the throne are scarcely less dissimilar. Extracts from both will be found in another column. Both, it will be seen, call for sympathy from the French opposition; both call for resistance in Spain to the government of that country, upon Narvaez to take the lead in resistance; both imply the threat that if these efforts to prevent the marriage without foreign intervention or bloodshed should fail, resort will be had to some ulterior coercion. One journal devotes many words in the attempt to coax "this adventurous soldier," Narvaez, into an enterprise which, it is averred, would "retrieve the past." The other promises him, "fighting for the best cause," a nobler fame than that of "Blucher or Bolivar!" Either this duplicate composition is traceable to some common origin, or the principal whig newspaper has for once been the exemplar followed by the leading Journal patronizing the whigs.

The pretext for the threatened war is, that the Montpensier marriage is a breach of the treaty of Utrecht. We will not stop to inquire whether it is so or not; though doubts readily suggest themselves. The fundamental basis in that treaty was the fear, that if France and Spain were to become united under one crown, the joint empire would be so formidable as to subjugate all Europe. "Cessante causâ, cessat effectus:" such a fear at this day would be the shadow-dreading of madness. Louis Philippe, if he were the same in nature as Louis Quatorze, is not the once absolute Grand Monarque; Spain has no longer the show of power that it had

* None is genuine, unless signed by John Bull. If the article be obtained from any other concern, it will not answer the purpose.—*Living Age*.

under Philip. Spain and France were never more remote from union than at this moment—oil and water not more so. But if they were conjoined, Spain would in no way add to the strength of France. Spain can neither conquer nor be conquered. If we fear France, we could not desire a more potent diversion of her strength than the nominal possession of the neighboring kingdom. Algiers would be nothing to it. In losing its use, the treaty of Utrecht has lost its virtue; a fact not long since discovered by the *British* government.

What interest has England then in this anticipated renewal of 1840? In spite of many differences in the juncture, the resemblance to that time is most observable. In 1840, Lord Palmerston was in office, and this country was, with much vamping—nay, something more tangible than vamping—hurried to the verge of a war with France, about a third nation: in 1841, Lord Palmerston went out of office, and the war-threats subsided: in 1846, Lord Palmerston is again in office, and again we have threatened war. We are explicitly told that there no longer exists “the now broken spell of the entente cordiale.” Who has broken it—who wished to break it—who always grudged its existence? Not certainly the *people* of this country: they do not grudge Louis Philippe what is evidently the object of his search—a rich bride for his fifth son, to whom the French chambers will allow no “dotation.”

What is to be the practical sequel—what advantage is the British government to take of any of the circumstances imagined by those who call for resistance? If there were a Carlist rising, and Montpensier were to aid his sister-in-law, is it expected that Lord Palmerston would send auxiliaries to Don Carlos Luis? Is it to be supposed that he, in this quarrel, would drive from her throne his quondam protégée, and help to wrench the sceptre from the hand of Ferdinand's daughter? Or would he go to war in aid of any other rising? Is it war that is meant, or only words?

The question is begged, that the English people would countenance hostilities. We are told that no “vulgar considerations,” of commercial treaties to wit, would weigh with the so-called “nation of shopkeepers;” as if the English people were, by anticipation, to be shamed to acquiesce in a state of relations like that of 1840, with its unpleasant material results. Then our officials bullied, and then the “nation of shopkeepers” had to endure the practical consequences, in the commercial hostility of France. Is the anti-commercial bullying to be renewed at a time when the chief ministerial paper of France indicates so novel and so cordial a disposition to follow our example in liberalizing the commercial policy of the nation? Is there any lurking wish to mar that signal tribute to the example set by Sir Robert Peel?

Let this matter be distinctly understood. Let not the public be led away by ambiguities. There are some among us who, whether taking instructions from Lord Palmerston or desiring to anticipate his wishes, would attempt to cajole the public into the belief that we ought to go to war about this matrimonial affair, and that the English people would sanction a war of intervention. That is not true. The country will not concur in the loss and cost of war, for the abstract “right” of strangers, even if that were undoubted; and those who drag upon us new “untoward events” will be held responsible. It is due even to the gaily-daring viscount, that he should not be misled by misrepresenta-

tions like this. And at all events, let his colleagues—let the premier, look to it.—*Spectator*, 26 September.

THE FORBIDDEN BANS.

A CURIOUS question may be raised out of the treaty of Utrecht: does it really in any respect whatever militate against a marriage between children of the French and Spanish branches of the Bourbon house? Whether interpreted strictly and literally, or liberally and with reference to their spirit, the mutual renunciations incorporated in the treaty appear to have no such power. The terms of those renunciations are as voluminous and specific as an English act of parliament; but if the word “marriage” is mentioned on either side, we have overlooked it; and we doubt whether the idea was present to the mind of either party. Of course no one can renounce that which he is not thinking about. What is it, then, that *was* disclaimed?

Philip the Fifth, king of Castile, Leon, Arragon, &c., [his style and title are a gazetteer of Spain, with Europe and the East and West Indies,] professes to perform the “abdication of all rights which might be claimed by the two royal houses of this [the Spanish] and of that [the French] monarchy as to their succeeding mutually to each other; by separating, by the legal means of my renunciation, my branch from the Royal stem of France, and all the branches of France from the stem of the blood royal of Spain.” He reiterates over and over again this kind of renunciation—

“I declare and hold myself for excluded and separated, me, and my *sons, heirs, and descendants* forever, for excluded and disabled absolutely, and without limitation, difference, and distinction of persons, degrees, sexes, and times, from the act and right of succeeding to the crown of France.”

“There is no consideration to be had, or foundation to be made of active or passive representation, beginning, or continuation of lineage effective, or contentive of substance, blood or quality; nor can the descent, or computation of degrees of those persons be derived from the most Christian King, my lord and grandfather, nor from the Dauphin my father, nor from the glorious kings their progenitors; nor by any other means can they come into the succession, nor take possession of the degree of proximity.”

This renunciation is echoed by king Louis the Fourteenth of France on the part of his grandson, the Duke de Berri, and his nephew, the Duke of Orleans, “as well for themselves as for their descendants, male and female.” And king Louis likewise declares “his said brother and grandson king of Spain,” “his heirs, successors, and descendants,” to be excluded forever from succession to the throne of France. The same renunciation is expressly made by Philip Duke of Orleans. Thus the renunciations, and the treaty that incorporates them, cut off from succession to the respective thrones “all heirs, successors, and descendants;” but they do not forbid matrimonial alliances between any of those heirs, successors, and descendants.

It would seem, therefore, that the treaty does not forbid the marriage between the Duc de Montpensier and the Infanta Luisa of Spain, but that it would cut off their children from succession to either throne; that is to say, it would exclude the children of the marriage, as issue of the Infanta,

from succeeding to the throne of France—as issue of the Duke, from succeeding to the throne of Spain. According to the literal interpretation of these passages in the renunciations, the treaty would not at all be infringed till the children of the marriage had put forth a claim of succession to one or the other throne.

Upon a liberal construction of the treaty according to its spirit, the disqualification of the royal children yet unbegotten to this union would not be quite so absolute. The purpose of the treaty was—"That care should be taken by sufficient precautions, that the kingdoms of Spain and France should never come and be united under the same dominion, and that one and the same person should never become king of both kingdoms;" the practical object of such precautions was, "to settle and establish the peace and tranquillity of Christendom by an equal balance of power;" alarm having been created by the Grand Monarque's schemes of universal dominion, or, as it is now called "annexation." The intention was, to prevent the successors of Louis the Fourteenth, while possessing the throne of France, or pretending to its succession, from claiming to take possession of the throne of Spain by inheritance through their consanguinity with Philip the Fifth; and likewise to prevent the successors of Philip the Fifth from taking the throne of France by the succession through him. There can be no doubt that the purpose of the treaty would be fully answered if the two kingdoms, the two thrones, and the succession in the two several Spanish and French branches of the house of Bourbon, were kept separate; if, instead of considering the children of the Duc de Montpensier and the Infanta Luisa to be disqualified from either throne, election were made on their behalf as to the throne for which they reserved the right of inheritance. This election seems to be almost determined by their comparative proximity, respectively, to their native thrones. With so many elder brothers and surviving issue to those elder brothers, the Duc de Montpensier's chance of succession to the French throne appears to be very small; whereas the Infanta Luisa is, at present, heiress presumptive to the Spanish throne. The children, then, debarred by the treaty from any claim whatever to the throne of Spain, on the score of their consanguinity with Philip the Fifth through the Duc de Montpensier, (whose rights and liabilities towards Spain were annulled by his progenitors,) would claim to inherit solely through the direct succession from Philip the Fifth: a right which, by the very fact of its existence, would effectually exclude them, under the treaty, from pretending to the French throne.

In this matter, deal with it literally, deal with it liberally, the treaty of Utrecht is "bosh."—*Speculator*, 3 Oct.

From the Examiner, 19 Sept.

ROYAL MARRIAGES.

The princes of Europe have taken great pains to establish for themselves the old law of the Roman patriciate, viz., that their race was sacro-sanct, and that it was a profanation to mingle their blood with the inferior puddle which ran in the veins of their subjects. Nor was this the mere act of princes; the feelings and prejudices of their people approved the assumption. The world of Europe, however, if not that of England, is fast growing out of these prejudices, which Mr. Carlyle

terms political "flunkeyism," and people look from mere empty prejudice to the real utility, which it often covered.

Now there did exist very good reasons in the olden times why princes should not intermarry with their subjects. Their thrones were then much more threatened by powerful subjects than by foreign equals and rivals. A body of nobles, prone to revolt, were ever ready to seize on the least claim offered by affinity or birth, to rebel, to intrigue, and struggle for the crown, or for the monopoly of its favor. So that, in a feudal state, it was necessary to prevent ties of consanguinity from being established between a prince and his subjects.

But does this necessity any longer exist? Are monarchs now threatened by the feudal noblesse? Is not the danger which menaces them more from without than from within, or from masses and classes of their subjects rather than individuals? And even were these things not so, have not the dangers and inconvenience to nations, arising from the intermarrying of their princes, been a hundred times greater than any harm which could result from their espousing their own subjects.

But no doubt the great object formerly was not so much the welfare and grandeur of states as the welfare and grandeur of princes and their families. What became of Alsace, or Navarre, or the low countries, or Silesia, was of very trifling importance compared with the results to the house of Bourbon, or that of Austria, or that of Brandenburg. But the relative importance of families and countries are now reversed. Should not the rules and maxims for royal marriages be changed to suit the times? A law ordaining that no prince should marry other than a native of the realm would be far more conducive to international peace and national independence, than the old absurd law of royal sacro-sanctity of blood. For if princes are to go on, like the King of the French, having feudal ideas of considering nations as royal property, whilst, at the same time, these nations are striving to establish constitutional and popular rights, the result must end in a struggle between the principles, and very probably nothing less than war will decide it.

The world of Paris and Madrid, and some few people in London, are much moved by Louis Philippe's carrying off the Infanta of Spain for his son. Poor young man! he is the latest of seven brothers, for any one of whom the hard-hearted French chamber of deputies has refused to provide. Can you in such a case prevent fathers from seeking out good places and rich heiresses for their sons? Will you proscribe royal fortune-hunters? Some of the journals seem to consider this a grave trick of policy. Is it not more a speculation of avarice—a paternal manœuvre to provide for a lubberly son? We cannot suspect the King of the French of the ambition of Napoleon, who wished to govern Spain by a proconsular relative. Napoleon raved of empires, and carved them with his sword; Louis Philippe dreams of dowries, and appanages, and settlements for his children; and he has taken more pains, condescended to more littleness, and fallen into more blunders for the sake of feathering his brood, than he has ever achieved on behalf of any great political principle or aim.

This is his mania; this is the foible of the otherwise strong-minded man. And we must own that we have always dreaded bickering with the King of the French on points that concerned his progeny

and domestic affairs. A hundred times has Louis Philippe been tempted to intervene in Spain, absorb it, and confiscate its liberties, and revenues, and resources to his use. His prudence always shrank from it. No! he said, Spain is like the mill which crushes the sugar cane; if I put in one end of the cane, I shall soon find it caught and swallowed up to the farthest end. Such was the prudent backwardness of Louis Philippe. But the moment he has a son to settle, a dowry to grasp, a crown in expectancy to bestow upon his boy, than lo! all prudence vanishes, and like a moth, that flutters around the candle for half an hour merely to drop into it at last, Louis Philippe, whose family will have quite enough to do to keep a French throne, is henceforth engaged and affected by every move and every storm in the peninsula.

But throughout Europe no one will give him credit for being actuated by the mere economical and prudent ideas of the father of a family. Statesmen will merely behold the successful politician; they will regard his patronage of Spain as a useful and ambitious scheme to aggrandize not merely his family but France. They will decry the grandeur of Louis the XIVth in the mere miserly motives of his descendant. And the consequence will be a general, however unjust, league against the ever-spreading influence of the house of Orleans, which, we fear, bodes it ill.

If, indeed, the King of the French entered into these schemes for aggrandizing his family, by putting it at the head of the current of the age; did he and his sons advance liberalism, perfect constitutions, emancipate the middle and civic classes, encourage free trade, we should not only forbear to envy or oppose his success, but applaud and put a like trust and hope in it. But if his supporters in the countries over which his influence extends, are always to be amongst the rude, the sanguinary, the arbitrary, the illiberal; if the soldier be always preferred to the civilian, the policeman to the constitutionalist, then we put hope and trust in contrary and opposing principles. We feel confident that Spaniards and Greeks will resist and throw off so disgraceful a yoke—nay, that the French themselves will not consent to extend their nominal empire by means and principles so adverse and so repugnant to a free, generous, and civilized people.

HIGH COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION.—Louis Philippe Orleans, an old man, with a large head, and a very confident expression, was charged before the bench with a most flagitious act of child-stealing. The case was very protracted, and involved many statements and counter-statements, but may be briefly summed up as follows:—

It appeared that a Spaniard, named Ferdinand, who had distinguished himself as a man-milliner—having been specially appointed as petticoat-maker and embroiderer to the holy Virgin—died some years ago at Madrid, leaving behind him two little infant girls; and it was for the crafty abduction of the younger of these children, by name Luisa—a young creature scarcely marriageable—that the prisoner was brought to the bar. He was an old offender, full of subtleties and tricks, which he played off under the guise of the most enchanting *bonhomme*, which, of course, only rendered him

the more dangerous. This, however, was the first time he had appeared at the bar of public opinion as a child-stealer.

It was shown in evidence that the petticoat-maker died very rich; and there was no doubt that the immense wealth of the unfortunate Luisa was one reason for drawing upon her the attention of the prisoner; who had also—there could be no doubt of it—considerable hopes of obtaining further advantages, by meddling in her family affairs; and further of ultimately obtaining the larger share of the property on the death of her sister, reputed not to be of the most vigorous constitution. It was shown that Orleans had had crafty accomplices in the business. He had introduced into the house of the young ladies a French hair-dresser, named Bresson, who had turned the head of the innocent Luisa with the most glowing description of Orleans, surnamed Montpensier; a youth with great precocity of moustache. The hair-dresser Bresson had also contrived to give the young man's portrait (painted for the occasion) to the hapless Luisa; and the effect of a portrait of a handsome young man upon a girl of fourteen would be obvious.

Finally, a contract of marriage had been brought about by the craftiness of the hair-dresser; and the child—however it might be attempted to palliate the circumstances by the forms of law—the child was, in a word, stolen from herself, her country, and her relations, by the guile and avarice of the prisoner at the bar.

The court regretted that it could not interfere in even so flagitious a case. The prisoner must be discharged; though he must not for a moment suppose that he left the court with clean hands.

Hereupon the prisoner gave a knowing wink, chuckled, and left the court humming "*Où peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille!*"—Punch.

BLOODSHED AND BIBLES.—At New York it seems resolved that the war against Mexico shall be waged religiously. A Bible was presented to every soldier of the New York legion, or California regiment, by the American Bible Society. The regiment was drawn up in hollow square, and the Rev. Mr. M'Vickar distributed the books, beginning with the colonel. The reverend gentleman exhorted them to "go not only with the sword, but with the olive branch of peace, and with that Bible upon which liberty has its foundation." The Californian regiment with its Bibles invading the Mexican territory is a curious accommodation to modern Anglo-Protestant sentiments, of the same propagando-conquering spirit which made Spanish monks in the days of Cortes march at the head of Spanish legions with their crucifixes. These warriors are manifestly of the "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry" school.—*Examiner*.

WONDERFUL INSTINCT.—An old grouse has been in the habit, for the last five years, of leaving the Moors regularly on the 10th of August, and settling in London during the shooting season. He was accompanied this year by a black cock and three young ones. They are at present located, we understand, in Leicester Square.—*The Caledonian Haggis*.